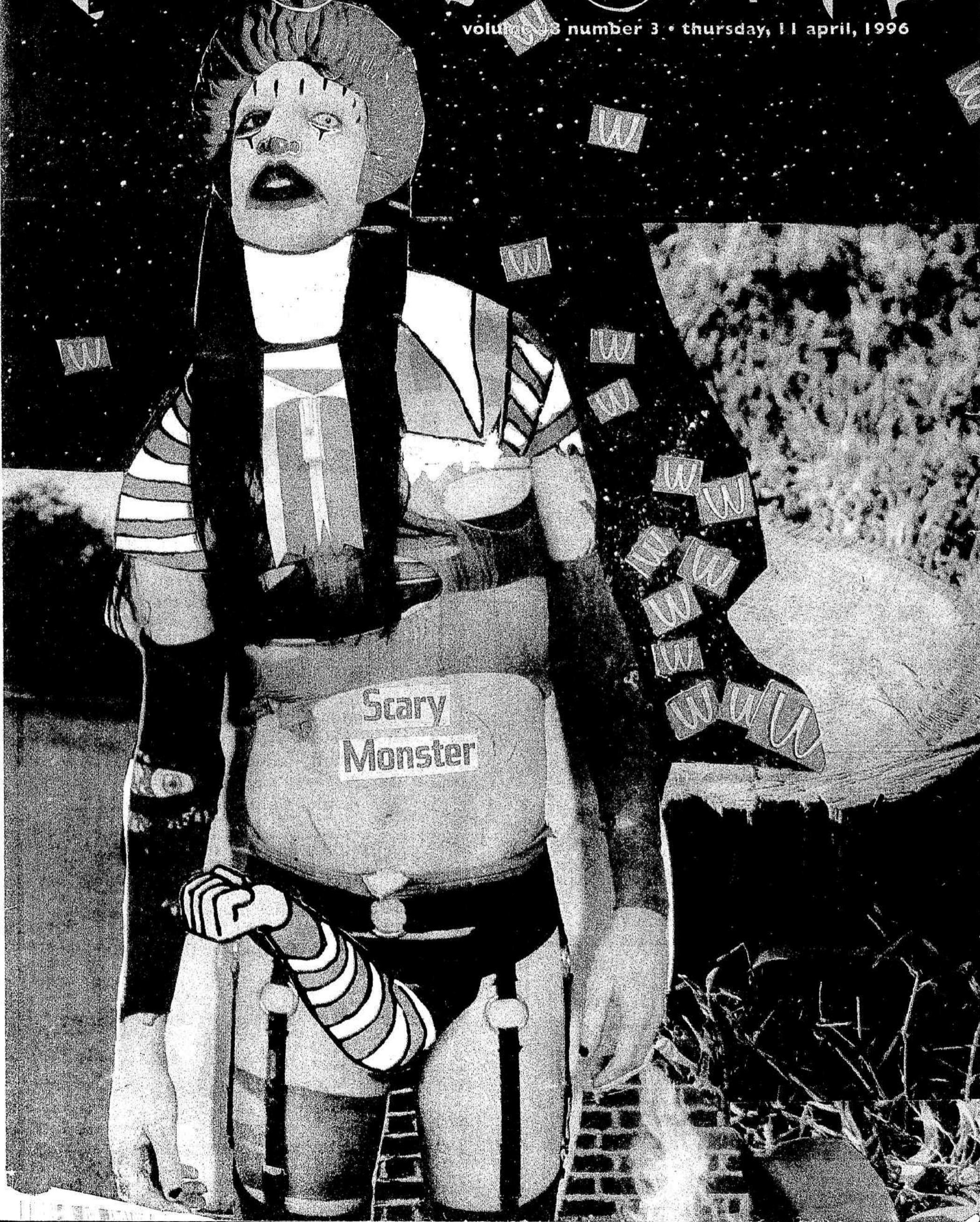


WOW! WOW! WOW!

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woroni

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the opinions expressed in woroni are not necessarily those of the editors, students' association or even of the contributors.

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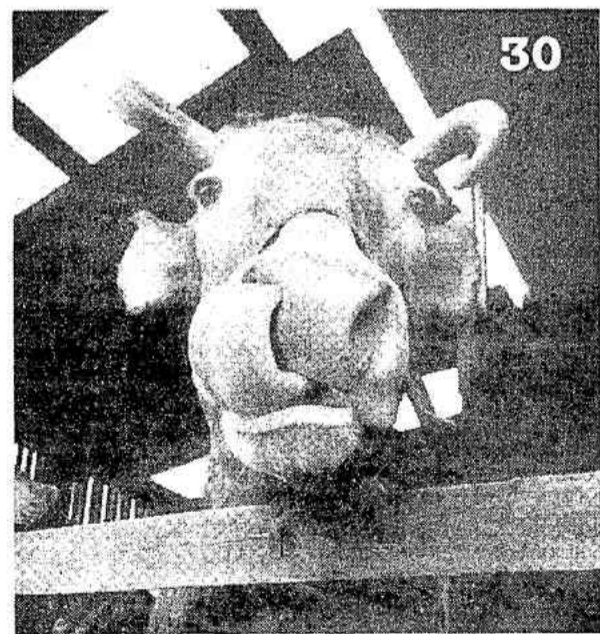


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Howard past 'chilling'

Dear Woroni

Congratulations to the Liberal and Nationals — once again masters of the sandpit. John Howard's victory speech, and the crowing of campus Libs only reveals how deeply they felt 13 years of federal failure. My guess is that they will quickly forget this history and the reason for it. But then history has never been the Liberal party's strong suit.

The "comfortable and relaxed" vision for Australia John Howard articulated in the Four Corners interview has been seized upon by the media. Much less attention has been given to his chilling statement that he still believes that Australian involvement in the Vietnam War was correct, and his even more chilling justification for this belief. "I accepted the government of the time's position that that involvement was justified. I accepted that then, and I see no reason to have changed my mind." Despite the fact that Robert Menzies lied to parliament about the basis of our involvement and despite the growing consensus, including former US Secretary of Defence Robert McNamara, that the colonial war and suppression of democratic elections was immoral Howard sees no reason to do anything other than support a decision of the government, because it was made by a government. Presumably he hopes that the Australian people will be as compliant towards his government. Once bitten, twice shy I say ...

An even more revealing example of Howard's approach to history was given by his appearance on the Hypotheticals program in the late 80's. When the Gallipoli campaign in 'World War I was criticised for being poorly organised by the British

"Honest John indeed"

high command and unconcerned with the adequate protection of the Australian and New Zealand troops, Howard protested vigorously. Gallipoli was one of our national myths, he said, one of the events we used to define ourselves. We shouldn't question this too deeply, or else it would harm our self-image. Clearly Howard considers a useful myth to be better than an accurate rendering of history. More bluntly, he is happy to build our self-image on a lie. Honest John indeed.

I suggest that Howard and his ilk want to define the canonical version of history precisely because they are aware of its power in constructing the possibilities of the future. Don't let them. Milan Kundera put it best: "The struggle of people against power is the struggle of memory against forgetting." We will not forget our history, and we will not let conservative forces define our present.

Martin Bush

Greens: betrayed by Labor

Dear Editor

The history of the Federal Labor Government is also the history of Green Politics in Australia. The ascension of the Hawke Government in 1983 coincided with the Franklin Dam debate, and Green Preferences were crucial to the maintenance of a Labor Government in 1987, 1990, and 1993. In 1996 Green parties refused to endorse the Federal Labor Government, and Labor has fallen.

"Federal Labor has betrayed the faith of the environment movement in past years."

Obviously the loss of Green Preferences was not the major reason for Labor's loss on Saturday, but is an issue that Labor must address if it hopes to regain government. Why did Green parties refuse to direct preferences to Labor when, as Jim Downey of the ACF pointed out, the Liberal environment policy is so lacking? The point is that Green

parties no longer wish to be ensnared by the politics of the lowest common denominator. For Mr Keating to save one more tree than Mr Howard is not a sufficient reason to grant his party preferences, when both major parties are so atrocious.

Federal Labor has betrayed the faith of the environment movement in past years. They have reneged on their commitments to cut greenhouse gas emissions. After pledging to halt export woodchipping by the year 2000, they continued to condone the desecration of old-growth forests. Finally, the Labor Party proposed to list the Blue Mountains as World Heritage while refusing to nominate the Tarkine Wilderness, Australia's largest single tract of temperate rainforest, which is currently unprotected. Labor must change its attitude as well as its policy to regain the faith of the Green movement in Australia.

Richard Baxter

Lookie Here Sweetheart!

Dear Woroni,

It is always a joy to witness a political road to Damascus such as experienced by Chris Taylor in issue #2.

However, I find it difficult to believe that Mr Taylor could have ever been guilty of harbouring arrogant and derisive beliefs, particularly after reading his eloquent and touching account of meeting with real people (complete with tools of trade).

"fixated by Her Majesty and woolly sausages"

I suppose meeting them does make a change from just watching them enter through one's tradesmen's entrance.

It was also a pleasure to bask in the intellectual might of the ANU Liberal Club, a group of people seemingly fixated by Her Majesty and woolly sausages, as they

gloated over their long awaited election victory.

I find some solace in the fact that the Coalition needed to promise continued commitment to Labor policies (such as Medicare and Labor's environmental initiatives) before the electorate would accept them as an alternative. It remains to be seen how long it will take before this commitment is quietly eroded (co-payments anyone?).

As to the apparent absence of ANU Labor Students from campus which seems to pain Ms Tower so keenly, I suggest that you look around you sweetheart. We're still everywhere.

Yvette Martin
President, Labor Students
Club

Dear Mr Tolley,
You were wrong. The new Government does not have 20% female members. The figure is in fact closer to 25%.

Alison Penfold

Mackerras attracts criticism for General Meeting

Dear Editor,

I am writing about the first General Meeting of the Students' Association for the election of the Clubs and Societies Committee. At that meeting two candidates, including myself, were denied the opportunity to nominate for positions on the committee. There was a substantial queue of people waiting to sign into the meeting. While people were still waiting nominations were closed. In addition the nominations were not publicly announced, only those lucky enough to be individually told were given an opportunity to nominate.

An election conducted in such a way is clearly farcical and this was demonstrated when over two thirds of those present voted to re-open nominations. There can be no doubt that the overwhelming majority felt that candidates had been denied the chance to nominate through no fault of their own.

The fact that the room where the election was being held was booked for a lecture after only one hour meant that it was not possible to finish holding the elections. This obviously reflects on the lack of foresight of those who had arranged the meeting.

Another general meeting was called for a week later, it was suggested prior to the meeting that it would be closed due to the feeling on the part of some members of the executive of the SA that it would be subject to a beer stack. No evidence of such a stack was ever produced. Many people, including myself, attended the meeting believing that it should go ahead as publicly announced. I had been told by the President of the SA the day before that it could not be formally cancelled.

An urgent motion to suspend standing orders was moved at that meeting. William Mackerras who was the chair of the meeting then attempted to close it in a way that was subsequently described by the General Secretary of the SA as unconstitutional. Elections were then conducted by those present in an attempt to ensure that a C&S committee could begin the task of allocating funds to clubs.

Subsequently, notices were put up informing people that the meeting which had just occurred had, in fact, been cancelled the day before. Denying the existence of something which has just happened seems to me to be completely futile.

A third meeting was then called. Prior to this leaflets were distributed attacking the Debating Society, which had endorsed me as a candidate. William Mackerras, a former committee member of the Debating Society, told me that he had written and distributed them. The material in these leaflets was almost totally untrue, the claim that the Debating Society desired to have complete control of \$30,000 was without any basis whatsoever. Indeed, those distributing the material themselves advocated the election of two current members of the Debating Society to C&S. The emotive description of the election at the second meeting in the leaflets bore little, if any, resemblance to what actually happened. I believe, on this basis, that its purpose was solely to persuade those attending to vote for candidates other than myself. This meeting voted to disregard the elections held the week before and to begin the process again. This election and the results are uncontroversial.

The unfortunate result of these events is that clubs at the ANU have been without a proper C&S committee for much longer than was ever necessary. I believe that it is clear that the committee could have been elected at the original meeting. The delays and controversy which have surrounded these elections shows the need for competent administration of the Students' Association.

It also highlights the need for the C&S Committee to be run by those who have a genuine interest in supporting clubs at the ANU and not those who priorities are motivated by a desire to gain control of the committee solely on the basis of their political alliances. The intricacies of student politics are of no interest to the general university community whose GSF funds the \$30,000 allocated annually to clubs.

John Dyson

Dear Editor,

I am concerned about a personal attack which Students' Association President William Mackerras made on me before the General Meeting on 28 March 1996 at which the Clubs and Societies Committee was elected. This claim was based on a catalogue of fictitious accusations concerning the election of the Clubs and Societies Committee.

Prior to the meeting, William circulated a flier which claimed that the previous week: 'the Debating Society turned up to a lecture theatre where a cancelled meeting of the Students' Association had been due to take place' and that 'the Debaters' Vice-President [the writer of this letter] defied the Students'

Association Constitution, seizing ballot papers and declaring himself the Returning Officer' before 'proceeding to issue multiple ballot papers to some voters.'

William's motive was presumably to favour certain candidates in disavow of his Labor Students' ticket. His claims are startlingly inaccurate. Firstly, the meeting of which he writes was not cancelled. It was declared open at about 1:30 pm on 21 March; and William himself was chair of the meeting for a time. William did attempt to close this meeting prematurely; however, in doing so he ignored an urgency motion which had been moved from the floor, *prima facie* in breach of standing orders. As a result, there was a reasonable belief (not dispelled until a week later) among many who were present that the meeting was still on foot. Thus, when I was nominated and elected as Returning Officer (rather than seizing ballot papers) I felt that I had a duty to the meeting to continue the ballot. Admittedly, two extra ballot papers were issued, but this was not deliberate (as implied by William), and the two offending papers were not placed in the ballot box.

In short, it is disappointing to see the publication of a flier such as that at issue by someone who claims to be a champion of the democratic process. Maybe the conclusion to be drawn is that William Mackerras has a great deal to learn if he aspires to rank as one of the country's great political minds.

Peter Still

Labor: pathetic, hollow and just plain wrong

Dear Editor,
During a recent lecture, I was struggling to find something to do and had to resort to flicking through my neighbour's copy of *Woroni*.

But what I read in the Labor column in Soapbox was so laughably pathetic, hollow and just plain wrong I felt compelled to write.

Mr Jenkins wrote on "Labor's three most lasting initiatives". The first was the drafting of the native title legislation. In fact the so-called Mabo decision was made with no prompting from Labor, and even without their knowledge, by the High Court of Australia. And the actual legislation of Labor has not yet resulted in one square inch of land being given to indigenous people.

The next initiative was, predictably, the republic. I say predictably because the republic always seemed to be mentioned when Labor needed to detract attention from unemployment, current account

"Would having a politician as our head of state give us any more jobs?"

deficit or foreign debt figures, and is now used to detract attention from complete annihilation in the polling booths. Would having a politician as our head of state give us any more jobs? No. And by the way, Mr Jenkins, your dream of an Australian republic is in no way inevitable and should remain just that, a deluded dream. And, surprise, surprise, again Labor bungled in its own championing of this particular concern or perhaps

you missed the Australian Republican Movement's comments reported after the election on how they believed a republic was more likely now that Labor had lost government due to people's distrust of the Labor party and its former leader.

"Just because Mr Keating played sycophant to countries such as Indonesia, Singapore and Malaysia, doesn't mean they respect Australia"

The last great initiative of Labor reported by Mr Jenkins was a "strong, economic and diplomatic foray into Asia". Just because Mr Keating played sycophant to countries such as Indonesia, Singapore and Malaysia, it doesn't mean they respect Australia or he accomplished anything. In the first three days of a Liberal government, Dr Mahatir, Prime Minister of Malaysia agreed to visit Mr Howard and Mr Downer, something Keating could never accomplish. Then the Foreign Affairs department obtained the release of an eminent Australian and academic held without trial for almost two years, something the former Labor government considered beneath it. And the defence treaty that Labor was so proud of, with the country Labor wooed most, Indonesia, was also with the same country which, combined with many other Asian countries (not afflicted with Mr Keating's vision) vetoed Australia's membership to the ASEAN an economic grouping with just as much potential as APEC for South-East Asia.

I sincerely hope Mr Jenkins can swallow his pride and realise

perhaps just perhaps, Labor's misguided and devious social policies thankfully haven't accomplished a single thing, and didn't even succeed in their primary aim, that of diverting the public's attention from the former government's mismanagement.

Tim Dixon
ANU Liberal Club

'magic-pudding' politics of left rejected despite SWSC claim

Dear Editor
"Howard has no mandate" claims the SWSC. Well, if 54% of the vote and the largest majority since Federation isn't a mandate, what is? The pathetic handful of votes gained by Sue Bull and her left-wing comrades? The SWSC obviously thinks so!

For a party which claims to represent such a large section of society, it has an amazing lack of faith in the intelligence of its constituency. The SWSC is clearly implying that voters vented their anger at Labor's restructuring of the Australian economy by voting for a party more dedicated to these reforms!!!

If Australians had wanted the irrational, irresponsible magic-pudding politics of the left, they could have voted for any number of loonies. The fact is, they didn't - the Greens actually lost seats!

The Howard government also plans a revolution - one which will crush the noisy and unrepresentative minority groups and the 1984-ish thought police who are destroying the freedom, cooperation and spirit of work upon which this great nation was built!

Heidi Robinson

Liberals accused of immorality

Dear *Woroni*
Did I not think it a waste of my time, I would point out to Daniel Clode that boofhead bully boys can easily argue that urinating on Mrs Carnell's car is nothing next to political bashing or abduction of ballot boxes, in the same way that he defended the Liberals' perversion of democracy in last year's S.A election.

But, of course, I have no right to lecture them since I pulled a girl's hair when I was six. The Liberals will never be forced to confront their own immorality because, to them, we are all so much worse than they are.

Patrick Mackerras

Telnet Services firewalled

Hi there,
I'd just like to bring your attention the fact that ITS (the administrative computer branch) has firewalled access to telnet services. This is yet another ploy to save money at the expense of students and their education. I feel this is just the beginning.

Thanx.

Peter

Letters...Anyone?

Feeling pissed off, angst-ridden, self-righteous or just verbose? Write a letter. All letters received before the deadline of Thursday 5pm prior to publication will be published. Please keep letters to 300 words or less. Letters will be printed in full, subject to spellcheck. Deliver to Woroni, c/- ANU Students' Association by hand or clenched elbow, or e-mail it to us at woroni_articles@student.anu.edu.au.

Dear William,



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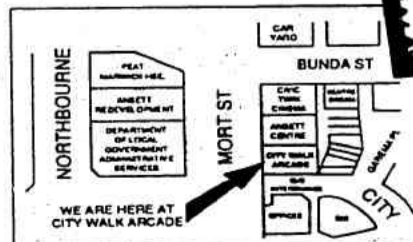
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In Brief...

Fighting for Child Rights

A Guest lecture on the Rights of the Child was attended by a large group of interested students on Wednesday March 12.

Guest speaker, Joan Sheedy, Senior Government Counsel at the Human Rights Branch of the Attorney General's Department and Chair of the Australian Red Cross A.C.T International Humanitarian Law Committee, recently returned from Geneva where she participated in a working group on the issue of child prostitution.

Ms Sheedy stressed that although the United Nations Convention on the Rights of the Child expressly prohibits the exploitation of children, it is inadequate. The only meaningful solution to this serious and worsening problem requires that individual nations incorporate the provisions of the convention into their system of criminal law. According to Ms Sheedy it is imperative that countries recognise the criminal nature of practices such as child prostitution, recruitment of children in the Armed Forces and the sale of children or their organs, and penalise offenders accordingly. With the introduction of the Australian Child Sex Tourism Act, Australia is seen as a pioneer in the field of children's rights. International consensus, however, as to the nature and substance of a draft protocol designed to give the existing convention more force, will be difficult to achieve. The working group held in Geneva is a testimony to this fact.

Ms Sheedy predicted that at the current rate of progress, the process of reaching an international consensus on these sensitive issues will take at least 12 years.



UN Convention gets the thumbs down for failing to protect child rights

ANU To Pay Rates

The Chief Minister, Kate Carnell is considering a plan to charge the ANU \$1 million in rates for the various properties owned by the University around Canberra. Like the Federal government, the ANU has formerly been exempt from paying these rates, however the federal government has an arrangement whereby it pays a voluntary contribution to the ACT Government, whereas the University has so far avoided any contribution to the scheme. Negotiations are now underway with the University for a settlement, however it is unclear at this stage where the funds will come from to pay it.

Government Policy May Threaten Student Autonomy

by Jane Stratton

Thursday, March 28 may have been a day like any other on Canberra university campuses, but across the country, a National Day of Action was declared by the National Union of Students (NUS). Hundreds of students rallied against the Coalition's policy of Voluntary Student Unionism (VSU).

In the words of the Coalition's Higher Education Policy of February 1996, '[the Coalition] opposes students being forced to fund student union political activity as a prerequisite for entry to university'. This platform has already been given legislative effect in both Victoria and Western Australia under Liberal State governments.

Elsewhere, it is still the case that student organisations — such as our Students' Association, have universal membership so that by paying your General Services Fee (GSF) you automatically become a member. Where VSU legislation is in effect however, student organisations are denied the funding or at least are limited in how they spend, monies collected from payment of the GSF.

In Victoria, the Kennett government's legislation, *Tertiary Education (Amendment) Act 1994 (Vic)*, prohibits student organisations from spending compulsorily levied fees on anything other than services deemed to be of 'direct benefit to students' — this is a strict interpretation and excludes student representation,

campaigns, research, student publications (such as *Woroni*), clubs and societies (other than sporting and debating clubs) or any action which is political in nature or not listed in the legislation.

Federally, the Coalition policy on education favours an 'arm's length' approach to university management, encouraging autonomy via provision of non-prescriptive public funding. Naturally, the alarm bells are ringing in student offices nationwide.

Although student organisations have never enjoyed a completely free reign in spending student money (university administrations have always had the legal power to attach conditions or withhold GSF income) they are now facing a new array of actors at the federal and state levels, in addition to university administrations, who are vying for the right to determine in precise detail, the legitimate activities of student organisations.

The NUS describes the effects of such legislation on student organisations on all campuses as 'catastrophic'. It considers the Coalition label of Voluntary Student Unionism to be a misnomer, preferring to call it Anti-Student Unionism since it 'effectively bans student organisations from organising on a political level and therefore from effectively representing students'. The Victorian legislation in their eyes, was explicitly an excision of politics in any

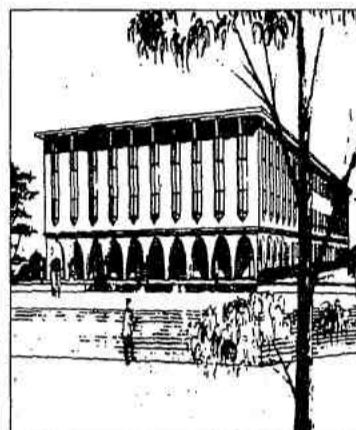
meaningful form. The NUS makes the point that only student organisations with control of student funds stand between the government and university administrations. It fears an 'economic rationalist agenda' which could see the introduction of up-front fees for undergraduates and a decrease in Austudy/Abstudy. Further, they argue that it is only with universal membership that student organisations can be fully accountable to all students. If membership were to be on a voluntary basis and given the transient nature of that membership (a three year degree on average), student organisations would be reduced to mere recruiting machines using time and money they simply do not have.

Under a Labor Government, student organisations received funding and the Labor Party's 1996 statement on education pledged its continuation. While in government, Labor legislated by amending the *Higher Education Funding Act 1988 (Cth)*, to provide direct funding to student organisations affected by adverse State legislation.

However, with an unsympathetic Coalition at the federal helm, it would seem that the issue is coming to a head as students continue to demand student control of student funds from an ever growing spectrum of bureaucrats and politicians at university, State and federal levels.

Library Review Completed

by Jessica Coates



Report finds that funds allocated to ANU libraries are inadequate

The ANU libraries are desperately under-funded, according to a report released on March 7 by the 1996 Library Review Committee. The committee consisted of ten members both internal and external to the university community and was headed by Professor M. Brown. The committee found that as the university's external income has grown over the last few years it has failed to increase Library funds accordingly. The result is that the percentage of university funds allocated by the ANU to its libraries is significantly less than that of other Australian universities. Furthermore, "Emergency funds" made available to other cost-centres have so far been withheld from the library, giving it little to fall back on in times of crisis. The Report claims that if this situation is not remedied soon the university runs the risk of losing many of its valuable materials.

According to the Review this shortage of funding is most evident in the acute need for additional storage space. In the last review of this kind, completed in 1982, a recommendation was made that further space was needed to prevent the future deterioration of materials, resulting in the desperate situation today. The current committee points out that any loss of this kind would be particularly undesirable considering the ANU's international reputation for having one of the best and most unique research libraries world wide.

Other recommendations made by the committee which are likely to affect students included the need for a review of the opening hours of certain sections of the Library, an emphasis upon information technology developments within the system and an increase in the priority level of client based services using the Institute of the Arts library as a model.

The recommendations of the committee focused on general funding and structural matters, thus it tended to pass over some issues of concern to students, such as the place of student materials within the collection and the increasing need for multiple copies of set texts.

Big Erections On Campus

by Michael Cook

Over the past year there has been a marked increase in the number of buildings on campus — and if advice to the ANU Administration is accepted, we could soon be looking at many more.

A recent Draft Urban Design Study of the University suggests that three undeveloped areas on campus be transformed into four major buildings. The first site, upon which two buildings would be situated, is beside the Family Law Court and Llewellyn Hall, the second is between the Crawford Building and the Asian Studies block, and the third the present Hancock car park.

Student Association President William Mackerras believes the changes suggested will "not have much of an effect" on present students. However, he notes several positive aspects of the study: "One of the encouraging things is there is a building marked for near the centre of campus, which would be an excellent location for the proposed Student Services building."

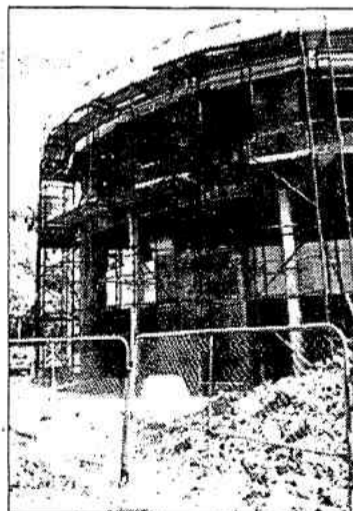
Other problems would also be addressed by such construction. At present there are a number of faculties on campus that are overcrowded which, under the plan, would have room to expand. The question is, with two large edifices already being

erected on campus as we speak (BoZo and that weird one in the midst of Info Tech), do we really need so much more space? Apparently the faculties are overcrowded and furthermore ANU libraries need storage space for books that otherwise must be stored off-campus or 'thrown out'.

The study recommends the redesign of the ANU landscape to 'remove or minimise unsafe areas', and further beautify our magnificent surroundings.

There are several suggestions within the study that concern the S.A. President. These include the possible closing of Sullivan's Creek Road to private cars, "which might limit easy student access to the shops or bank", the possible lack of parking areas, and the fact that any new building is to the detriment of maintenance of existing buildings. The present standard of maintenance of the ANU has been criticised; an example of this being the limited disabled access to certain areas.

At the site of one of two buildings-in-progress on campus - the new BoZo building, Bob the Happy Builder offered his opinion; "A building's a building, kid. Stop asking questions. Rack off."



Tuff Phones Make Campus Safer

by Rachael Doland



The new security phones are designed to make Campus safer.

A security phone has been installed on Campus near the law school and another is to be installed this week on University Avenue. The phone functions as a safety device as well as a deterrent. It is simple to use in emergencies — by pressing the button on the phone students can speak directly to ANU Security. According to ANU Security officer, Daryl Patch, Security will be able to respond in 2-3 minutes. When activated the phone makes an extremely loud noise which is designed to scare off attackers. Mr Patch appeals to students to respect that the phone is a safety device and warns that "it is essential that the phone be used only for serious purposes." He stated that if the phone is damaged it cannot be replaced, at least in the short term because of the huge costs of installation. Security received \$10,000 funding for the project from the University Council. The project was initiated by Student Association President, Caitlin Wyndham in 1994. Mr Patch said that the challenge was to install a phone which could withstand harsh weather and vandalism.

DEET Underfunds ANU by \$10 Million

by Michael Cook

In 1994 the Government changed certain funding policies to Universities. Gone was the Single Project grant system, where universities tendered for grants for specific constructions. In its place, a formula (or 'capital roll-in') approach was introduced, whereby the funds would be shared out amongst universities in rough proportion to their size. The responsibility for how this money would be spent, on construction or maintenance, was placed on each University.

Initially the ANU Administration welcomed such a move. Under the old scheme other Universities had consistently out-tendered the ANU for the available funds.

Simply put, the Department of Education, Employment and Training has (by the ANU's estimates) underfunded the University by \$10 million over the last three years.

The problem is that the formula used by DEET to calculate funds is confusing. It is based on Equivalent Full Time Student Units (EFTSU), with consideration towards the subjects of the students — this is because a Science student costs more than an Arts student.

However, DEET did not use such a system on the Institute of Advanced Studies, where student load was 'not relevant'. Instead, the Department allocated what it claimed at the time was 'an appropriate allowance'.

The ANU administration estimates that for the year 1996, the

'roll-in' necessary to run the ANU is \$10.8m. The actual allocation to the ANU in 1996 is \$7.197m. A shortfall of \$3.6m is therefore estimated for the year.

The real shortfall could actually be much more than that. Mr Bob Arthur, the ANU Registrar, has been negotiating with DEET over the issue. He believes that "the UNSW, which is fairly similar in size, is getting \$11m a year ... and a lot of the buildings at the IAS are very highly serviced; if you took that into account we might be even worse off."

At ANU proposed new buildings on campus are being delayed. A recent study suggested up to four new buildings are necessary to cope with increased student numbers, but this idea may be rejected due to lack of funds. This could result in serious overcrowding for some faculties in the near future, and may force libraries to 'get rid of' large amounts of books.

Existing buildings are deteriorating rapidly. As stated in a memo from the Vice Chancellor "buildings are becoming run down and the situation is becoming urgent." Mr Arthur, Registrar, believes that if extensive maintenance is not conducted soon, the ANU faces a huge repair bill later. "A good example is Sydney University. It ignored maintenance on its old buildings for a long time, and now needs hundreds of millions of dollars to fix it up."

Programs to improve the ANU for

students may be curtailed. Recently, the ANU has spent large amounts increasing disabled access to areas of campus. The program has been slowed, however, through lack of money. Also, Student Association President William Mackerras has been lobbying for improvements to student accommodation, and the introduction of a rent subsidy scheme for students. Such plans can only go ahead if DEET funding to the ANU increases.

ANU Administration acknowledges that its diplomatic stance in negotiations to date has failed to achieve results. Now the ANU has changed its position; according to the Vice Chancellor's memo, if [the ANU] continues to be seriously disadvantaged, a campaign will be started to make the problem a public issue.

Bob Arthur states the ANU's demands. "We'd like our back-pay, and for DEET to get it right from now on [however] we've got to give the new Government a chance to do the right thing — we presume that they will."

The ANU is conducting a "fairly co-ordinated pressure campaign", according to the S.A. President. Mackerras is meeting with the Chair of the Parliamentary Committee on Education, Employment and Training to "get him to do something about the problem."

Big Elections On Campus

The third general meeting of the Students' Association took place at 1pm on Thursday 28 March. The main purpose of the meeting was to finalise the election of positions left vacant at the end of the first meeting two weeks previously.

At the beginning of the meeting the minutes of the last two meetings were confirmed and the budget, amended to include a \$5500 surplus, was passed.

Nominations for the positions to be filled were called and an election held by secret ballot.

Jamie Driscoll, Heidi Zwar and John Dyson were elected to the Clubs & Societies committee, joining Douglas Guilfoyle as chair and Qasim Syed-Zaidi as the President's representative.

Patrick Mackerras was elected chair of the Education committee, joining Geraldine Chin, Jeanie Hayden, Fuad Ahmed, Jason Cebalo and Ben Paton as members.

Ben Reese and David Jeffery were elected as joint environment officers. Sean Cardon was elected to the SRC as science representative.

No new nominations were received for Welfare committee, which remains incomplete under Daniel Jenkins as chair.

Debating news

ANU teams have performed well at the Easter Tournament held in Adelaide over the Easter weekend. ANU 2 debaters Belinda Hollway, Cormac Farrell and Jason Cebalo made the break and were defeated in the semi final by Melbourne 2.

ANU 1 also made the break but were disqualified on a technicality. The final was contested by UNSW 2 and Melbourne 2. At the time of going to print the results were not known.

SPORT

ANU Strokes To Victory

by Catherine Dermody

Saturday the 30th of March marked the 25th Anniversary of the Disher Cup.

Disher Cup is the annual rowing race, originally contested by the ANU and Royal Military College, Duntroon. The Australian Defence Force Academy and University of Canberra are now also a part of this highly competitive race. The previous months have seen many of the hard core rowers training four or five mornings a week on the water, as well as numerous sessions in the gym.

The men's and women's fours and the women's eights are held over a 2,100m course, beginning at Hospital Point and ending just past Black Mountain Peninsula.

The women's fours were first. It was in fine conditions that the ANU crew led the way down the course, winning by a clear two lengths from the ADEFA crew. The crew, from bow, was Alicia Jillard, Sarah Carr, Fiona Morrisby and Georgina Harley. The crew was coxed by Honor Martin who was heard to say, "It was good, it was very good..."

The men's four was won by ADEFA, with ANU taking out second place.

The women's eights saw ANU line up against ADEFA and RMC. ADEFA

had a strong start and had increased their lead to a length by the 1,000m mark. With 500m to go, the ANU eight really began to work together and pulled up alongside ADEFA.

Even as ANU passed the finish line

ADEFA, to win by a metre.

Coach, Scott Chesterton said that the difference between the crews was that "ANU did not panic, they did not crumble under the pressure, and that came down to experience — it



Champagne flowed for the Disher Cup which was held on Saturday March 30.

the crew was unsure of who had won, as were the spectators.

The last two strokes of the race had seen ANU finally pull ahead of

was a combination of ADEFA losing control and ANU gaining control".

The crew from bow was; Kirrin Edwards, Karen Elsom, Erin O'Neill,

Catherine Dermody, Vanessa Leuvernick, Jo Ollqvist, Noni Cadd and Ballanda Sack, coxed by Jesmini Ambikapathy.

The men's eight was raced over 4km from the Carillon to the same finish line. RMC impressed the crowd with their win, ANU finished second and the ADEFA crew placed third.

The champagne flowed freely after the women's successes on the water and general relief at conclusion of the races.

The women's eight literally flew across the water home to the ANU Boat Shed with champagne bottles being passed up and down the boat and their coxswain remarking that their timing had improved considerably.



Victory to ANU women's rowing team after a close and exciting finish.

Bound To Happen

The annual Inward Bound competition is to be held on Friday, April 12, running over into the following Saturday.

Inward Bound is a team competition between the colleges. Teams of four people are blindfolded and dropped, at night, at an unknown point. Then the teams have to navigate to a predetermined finishing point. The first team back to the end point wins.

Seven different divisions are contested, each division having to travel a different distance. Division 1 can expect to run for 7-8 hours.

For the last four weeks teams from all colleges have been training hard for the event. According to one college coordinator the training has involved "a mixture of long distance runs and intense psychological testing."

The event usually produces some entertaining anecdotes. Last year one team camped in a farm house to catch a few hours of sleep in the early hours of the morning only to find in the light of day that they had camped 50m from the finish line.

In 1995 the event was won by Burgmann College who are this year's organisers. Dave Spott, the Burgmann Inward Bound coordinator, said the difficulty of the event "depends on where the course is located, [it] could be intolerable." He is expecting this year's event "to be harder than last year" but is "looking forward to the challenge."

WHAT'S WRONG WITH MCDONALD'S?



ARTICLE BY
HELEN DREW

(THIS MEANS MCWAR...)

Are you a believer in a quick fix of McDonalds whenever you get the craving? Even if you are the proud possessor of a classic standard McDonalds order (just for the record mine used to be a chicken burger with medium fries followed by a cone), what you probably don't know is that McDonalds has been involved in the longest running civil case in the history of English law, that their reputation and self-promotion as a company with sound practices and philanthropic impulses is seriously under threat, and they are worried.

The McLibel 2 case, as it has come to be known, has been running since September 1990, when the McDonalds Corporation issued defamation writs against five members of London Greenpeace. The group, a 'radical group of civil rights and environmental campaigners' (independent of Greenpeace International) had since 1986 been distributing a factsheet entitled 'What's wrong with McDonalds — Everything they don't want you to know.' The leaflet contained criticisms of a range of McDonalds practices, particularly of the corporation's record on promotion of unhealthy food, marketing practices aiming to entice children, use of beef grown on deforested land in South America, exploitative employment practices and the corporation's treatment of animals.

McDonalds has a history of using libel law, or threats of its use, to suppress perceived criticisms of its practices. In all previous instances (including one Australian case where unionists urged parents not to let their children work for McDonalds) the issue has been resolved early on and always in favour of McDonalds. Groups have usually retracted their statements and

apologised rather than face an expensive and protracted legal battle to prove their point. McDonalds' heavy handed use of libel law has resulted in the suppression of documentaries, leaflets and even a children's play in Scotland which although it did not mention the word McDonalds, was considered potentially libelous.

The same tactic was expected to work with the members of London Greenpeace. In fact, after receiving advice that legal aid was not available to civil cases, three of the members who received writs offered an apology to the corporation. The other two, Helen Steel and Dave Morris, decided to fight on. Helen Steel explains:

"The only way we could get out of the court case was to apologise and I just felt they've got a big cheek even daring to ask us to apologise to them. They try and portray it that we chose to fight this case but I don't really see it as much of a choice to apologise for something that doesn't deserve an apology. To me it's just really offensive and there's no way I'd do it. [I] Didn't really have an option — [I] had to fight it."

Since the pair could not afford legal representation they decided to fight the case against one of the biggest corporations in the world themselves. They have been contesting the case in the English High Court for almost six years. They spend most of their time in court and are consequently only holding down low paying jobs. An appeal to the European Court of Human Rights in 1991 demanding the right to legal aid or simplification of libel procedures was unsuccessful.

In 1994 Steel and Morris launched a counter claim after McDonalds published a pamphlet stating that the criticisms in 'What's wrong with McDonalds' were

RONALD'S SECRET INGREDIENTS

S.E. England, 1991/92. A female customer consumed McDonald's food containing a chicken cyst and received an out of court settlement.

New York, USA. In or around 1992 Eric Schneider bit into a cooked mouse while consuming a McDonald's burger. This was confirmed by scientists at New York's Cornell University. A lawsuit was launched.

Hackney, UK. In or around 1987 Environmental Health Officers from the local authority found the salmonella virus in sewage outlets of the local McDonald's store.

Woolwich, London UK. In or around winter 1988/9, Shaun Lynch discovered a live worm in a burger purchased at Woolwich McDonald's. When he complained he was only offered a free meal.

Crawley, UK. In or around February 1989. A customer discovered an inch long worm inside her fish burger. A McDonald's spokesperson stated 'It was a harmless codworm'

Silver Spring, USA. In or around 1987 four women customers contracted typhoid fever after consuming McDonald's shrimp salad.

In the early 1970's McDonald's advertising agents Cooper & Golin stated that an area the size of Greater London would be required to accommodate all the cattle, standing flank to flank, that had gone into making the 12 billion burgers so far sold.

McDonald's purported policy of not accepting beef originating from cattle subjected to growth promoters is not adhered to. In July 1993 McDonald's admitted they accepted beef from cattle which had been given growth promoting antibiotics such as Virginia, Mycin and Avo parcin.

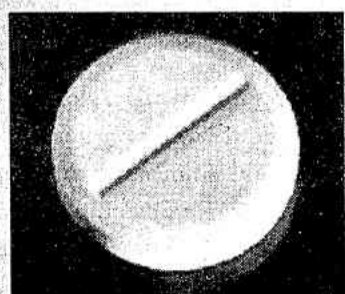
In the USA, in or around 1980, in order to supply enough chicken for McDonald's demands, Tysons developed an entirely new breed of chicken which it called 'Mr. McDonald'. The chicken was specifically designed to increase the efficiency of the nugget-making process and was nearly twice as large as the standard supermarket broiler.

New Jersey, USA, 1991. Jeffrey Miller worked for 15 months (2700 hrs) as a 'trainee' franchisee, but received no pay. Initial 'positive evaluations' ended after he complained of the cockroaches and rats at a store in New Providence and of the improper procedures used to handle food there. He sued McDonald's and the court case was due to begin on March 28th 1994.

In Australia during the 1980's, McDonald's were hostile to union campaigns, particularly over youth rates of pay. In Canberra, restaurants with staff subject to prescribed Industrial Award minimum work conditions were closed and later re-opened with staff not covered by the Awards.

In the UK, Newcastle, in April 1992, McDonald's employee Helen Calderwood, received a lenient sentence after Magistrates decided that she had committed a criminal offence after being pressurised by store management to do so or face the sack. The manager was later jailed for six months for inducing her to make a hoax bomb call claiming that there was a bomb in Burger King, in order to boost McDonald's profits.

Which of these *won't* you find in your next Big Mac?



lies. Under the suit brought by McDonalds, Steel and Morris have the onus of proving that the statements in the fact sheet are true or fair comment, and must rely on primary evidence in doing so. With the counterclaim McDonalds must prove that the statements in the factsheet are lies and that the defendants knew them to be so.

A support group, 'The McLibel Support Campaign' begun in 1990, raises funds for gathering evidence, flying in expert witnesses and keeping the campaign afloat. McDonalds pays its barrister an estimated two thousand pounds per day plus briefing fee, and has at its disposal millions in resources.

Despite this disparity in power, Steel and Morris have achieved some amazing successes. One of their first achievements was in overcoming an order instigated by McDonalds that they collect statements in support of their defence within three weeks. To the surprise of the court and McDonalds they were able to collect sixty five within the allotted time. Later triumphs have included admissions by McDonalds expert witnesses that statements in 'What's wrong with McDonalds' were reasonable. Helen Steel's response—"People should ask themselves how we've managed to come this far in the case. If we weren't defending the truth, we wouldn't have lasted a week against such a massive multi-national with a top legal team and limitless financial resources at its disposal."

One of the McDonalds Corporation's more insidious victories was convincing the court that issues concerning the relationship between diet and disease were too complicated for a jury to understand. Appeals against this ruling were unsuccessful, hence no jury is sitting in the case. Dave Morris remains pragmatic about this; "McDonald's were insulting the intelligence of the public. In reality, a jury would have been outraged that this case was ever allowed to be brought at all. However, the public are now in effect the jury and they can draw their own conclusions based upon the evidence that has come out."

The defence papers in the case make fascinating reading. In order to justify their statements the defendants have collected hundreds of witness statements and collated anecdotal evidence about the corporation's shoddy practices. This includes substantial detailing of —

- McDonalds purchase of beef from

suppliers running cattle on deforested land in South American rainforest countries, particularly Costa Rica.

- The lack of nutritional value in McDonalds meals, linking them to cancer and heart disease, the listing of food additives and chemicals which are used in McDonalds and cause hyperactivity in children.

- the use of misleading advertising



SERVICE WITH A SMILE

by McDonalds and the occasions when they have in the past been prosecuted for this, plus exposure of the way McDonalds advertising manipulates children.

- Cases of food poisoning caused by McDonalds and some store's unsanitary practices.
 - Cruel and unethical practices in slaughtering animals for consumption.
 - The exploitation of school aged children working for McDonalds.
 - The suppression of union movements amongst employees.
- "It's dominated our lives but it's worth it," says Dave Morris. "I get more determined every week. The main thing has got to be their success in promoting themselves - totally fanatical, egocentric

glossy image comes out."

Just recently the McLibel case has ensured the suspension of the selling of beef products in Mc Donalds in the UK. In response to a question by Dave Morris in court the President of McDonalds in the UK, Paul Preston said:

"If we thought beef was a health hazard to the citizens of the world you may rest assured we would not sell beef. We are not going to endanger our reputation with our customers - under any way shape or form. We are not going to endanger people." The current outbreak of mad cow disease (BSE) in the UK presents a threat of endangering people.

Because of the President's statements in court under oath the company had no choice but to suspend sales of meat. At this moment you cannot buy a Big Mac or a Cheeseburger in the UK.

The trial is finally coming to a close and judgement is expected to be handed down between July and October this year. The judgement has major implications for the way McDonalds continues its work practices, promotion and attempts to protect its reputation, not to mention its continued profits in the United Kingdom and the rest of the world. For the people involved, McDonalds is not the only target. Other large multi national companies are in their sights, including Nestlé, Kodak and other fast food chains who have unethical and corrupt practices.

Even if judgement is given against the defendants they have achieved an enormous amount in taking on McDonalds and

forcing them to answer to cross examination in a court of law; and in publicising a different perspective on Ronald McDonald. Of course the ultimate power to affect McDonalds for the better or worse lies with the consumer — it's really up to you.

All quotes were taken from an interview with the defendants by Jim Carey in Squall. Use was also made of 'The Diary of a Stance' Squall, Winter 1995 and the defendant's defence statements found on the web.

Graphics taken from The McSpotlight web site which can be found at <http://www.McSpotlight.org/> (use the site in New Zealand).

The McLibel Support Campaign (Australia) can be contacted at PO Box 558, South Brisbane 4101.



7pm Tuesday April 16 1996

ANU Drama Lab

(drinks and snacks served)

To play: Registration \$3 per team

To register a team call Louise on 267 4518

Audience: CADS members \$2

General Public \$3

Friends, Colleges, Clubs and Societies, get together a team and WIN! WIN! WIN!

For an introduction to Theatresports come to the free workshop on **Sunday April 14th** from 2-4pm in the Drama Demountable.

anu theatresports

Welfare Rights and Legal Centre

Are you having a problem with AUSTUDY/ABSTUDY or Social Security? Welfare Rights and Legal Centre (WRLC) offers *free* advice, advocacy and legal representation. Office hours are 9:30 a.m.-4:30 p.m. Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday; 9:30 a.m.-1 p.m. Tuesday. Phone 247 2177.

Are you having hassles with a landlord, real estate agent, or The ACT Housing Trust? The Tenants' Advice Service (jointly run by WRLC and the ACT Tenants' Union) offers advice, advocacy, information and referral. Office hours are: Monday to Friday 9:30 a.m.-1 p.m. Phone 247 2011.

For advice in other areas of law the Night Time Legal Advice Service operates on Tuesday evenings from 6-8 p.m. Phone 247 2177 or call in during those hours.

WRLC also operates The Disability Discrimination Legal Service (DDLS). The DDLS offers assistance to people who have been discriminated against on the basis of their disability. Office hours are Wednesday 1-5 p.m., Thursday and Friday 9:30 a.m.-4:30 p.m. Phone 247 2018.

All services are located at Havelock House, Gould St, Turner and *all services are free.*

TODAY'S TEXTS FOR HALF PRICE

Use The Sydney Morning Herald and The Australian Financial Review to keep up to date on local, national and world events, economic trends and community affairs.

Present your student ID at the Campus Newsagency to purchase 10 vouchers for half the cover price of The Sydney Morning Herald or The Australian Financial Review.

Vouchers are redeemable only with the Newsagent on Campus.

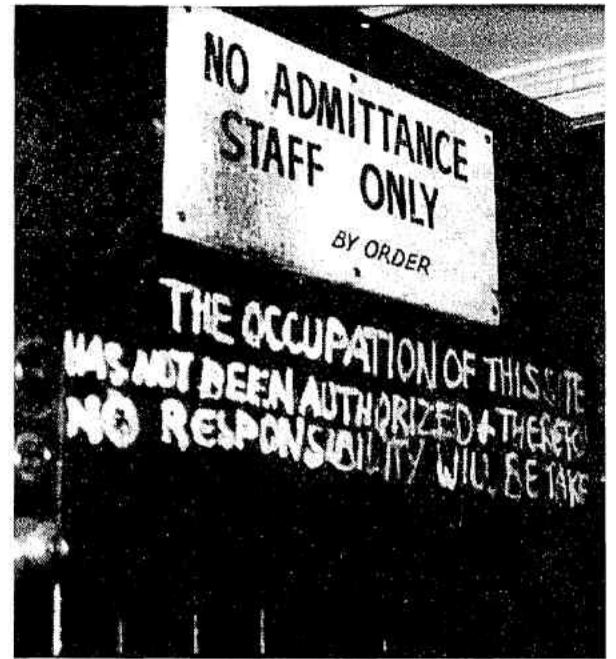
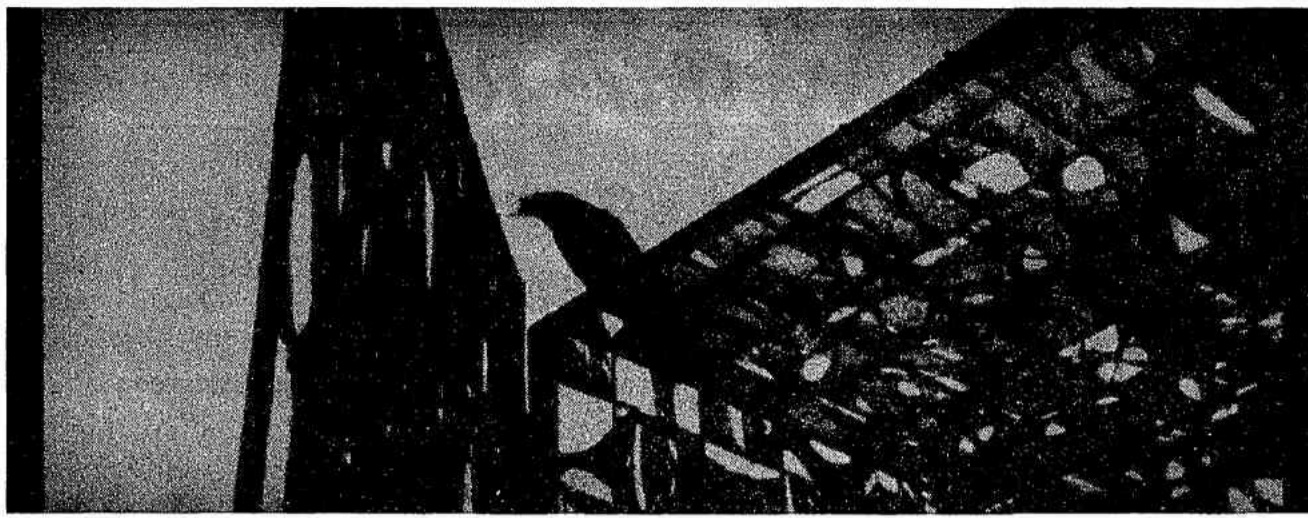
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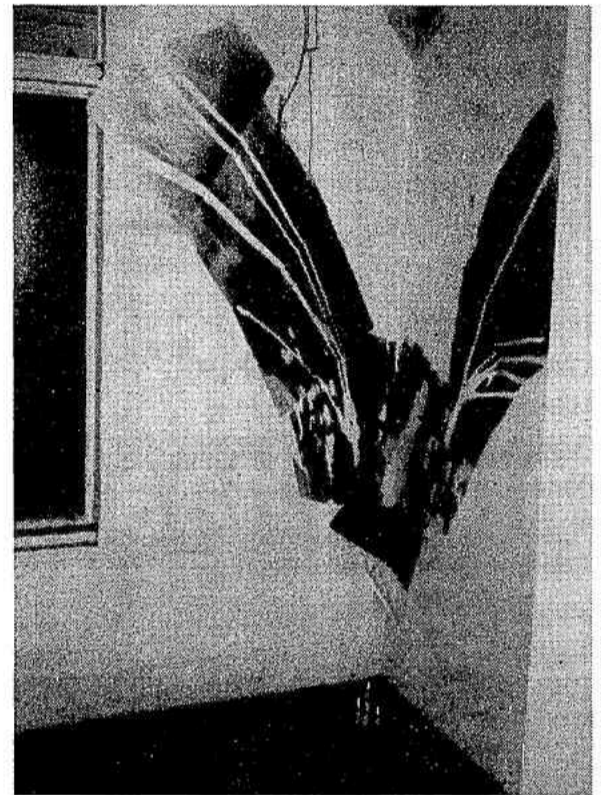
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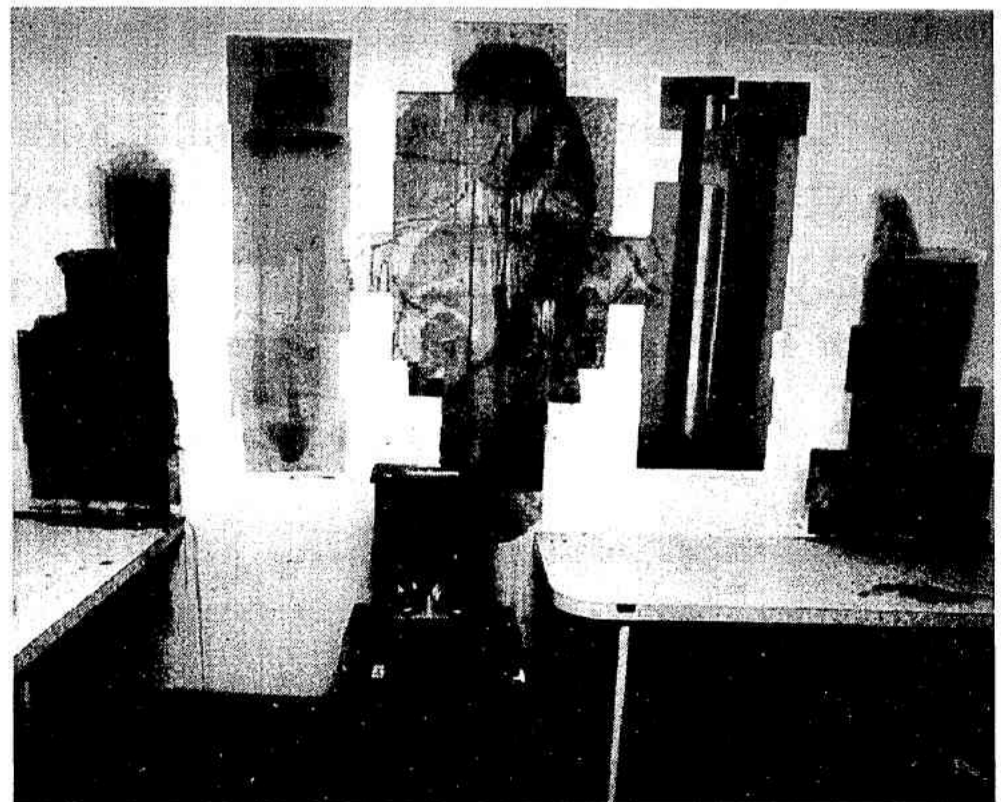
STRANGE Brew



Remember that satanic scare of last November, when an art exhibition in Downer was mistaken for a satanic ritual? That side of the story became quite a conversation topic, while the real side of the story went relatively unnoticed. The aim was simple. To side-step traditional galleries, to challenge the idea that art is sacred, presentable and sterile.



All photos are of work exhibited at Lab Rinse. Text is a combination of an essay by Caren Florence and a senate letter by various participating artists.



Is that a chicken head in your pocket or are you a concept artist?

Dead horse, altar in gruesome Downer find Innovative art enterprise **Satanic** Entrails find is art not the devil

The group of artists responsible for this stirring up of suburban paranoia have only been further fuelled by the attention that their efforts have received and further similar exhibitions have been staged in Sydney and Auckland, both of which were equally controversial, but their treatment by the media has left many of the groups' aims unrecognised.

They have no name, no structure, no rules. They are curious, angry, cynical and never complacent. Opposed to animal experimentation, amongst other social evils, this was a chance to express those views, anyway they wanted to.

The organisation was careful, and very secret. Preliminary posters were distributed which showed an image and a name: Lab Rinse. no venue, only a date and time. On the day before, a phone number started to appear, and only the curious who rang discovered where the action was taking place. After that, word of mouth took over. The aim was to side-step traditional galleries, to challenge art practice that work is scared, that you cannot touch, that everything has to be clean, presentable and sterile. This action was to be interactive, confronting, exciting. it was to mix media, have no boundaries, and no labels placed on either the works or the artists.

First came **Lab Rinse**, staged in an abandoned vivisection laboratory in an innocuous middle-class Canberra suburb, a building that looked both tranquil and normal from the outside, nestled behind its local shops.

The mystery of the building intrigued them so much that they started to play with the building, with its physicality and its symbolism. They decided to share their thoughts and ideas with the public. 'They' are a collective of young artists, energetic and resistant, determined to subvert accepted art practice and to play with dominant paradigms. ... It was a labyrinth for the senses ... gas-masked sound makers slipped past peering through their goggles and playing upon

their synthesised bodies ... room upon room of visual sensation: tiny mouse skeletons lined up for introspection ... wall upon wall of photographs confronting the soul ... altars to futile animal destruction ... murals flickered in the candle light to the point of animation ... nothing was wasted, everything was used. The mood of the exhibition was stunned and dream-like intensified by pervasive smell of the night - the source of the smell ... the infamous horse, an installation by one artist, which was simply a decayed horse carcass in a freshly painted white room lit only by candles. This exhibit was a large focus of the night, as it was so hard to miss, and the heavy smell of death that wafted off it helped to thicken and intensify the atmosphere of the exhibition.

It's hard to say that all this has been done before, that young artists for generations have had these goals and energies, and that the themes and issues are nothing new. But for the people involved, the people that took part and went throughout the experience, it was stimulating, energising and much more proactive than reading about say, Fluxus, the Guerrilla Grrls or other such movements. When young artists sniff out decay in their surroundings, it is always time to bring the rot to light and scrutiny, and this collective has made a commitment to continuing its adventure into public and artistic harassment about the issues that affect them and the society we have made and allow to exist.

Lab Rinse set the stage for the two following exhibitions, **Brainwash** and **Condemned**, and the use of abandoned buildings has created an uproar in all three cases. The artists themselves have not been able to give statements publicly as to the validity of their expressions, with the art so far speaking for itself, as far as the patrons were concerned. But the aims and defence of the group were laid out in a senatorial letter written earlier this year:

... All three buildings were found open, abandoned, and in a state of neglect and major disrepair, the latter being a primary motive for using these sites.

In all three events our agenda has been clear

- By bypassing standard gallery practices we support the deinstitutionalisation of art (using, ironically, institutional sites).

- We are creating an opportunity for young performers, film makers, sculptors, painters, photographers, installation artist, and musicians to collaborate within one major specific environment.

- We support the recycling of facilities by utilising redundant and condemned buildings. The work presented within these exhibitions are site specific, therefore the majority of the work remains within the space as a permanent installation. Every building used thus far has been scheduled for demolition.

- We don't believe that to be effective, art has to be conventionally 'beautiful', and much of the work in each event has reflected this belief. Each event has, in turn, had an umbrella theme: animal testing; the dominant political and legal system; institutions and society. The artists involved in each event have addressed these themes, usually in a confronting and unconventional manner.

The inability of the media to contextualise these exhibitions has resulted in damaging and misleading publicity. **Lab-Rinse** and **Condemned** were subject to gross sensationalism by network television, radio and leading newspapers around the country. In both cases no attempt was made by the media to investigate the intent of these shows before publication or broadcast, and all were quick and generalised accounts of pagan rites and satanic cults, feeding scandal and outrage to a credulous public. When an attempt to rectify the situation with press releases and interviews, our efforts were for the most part ignored, no doubt deemed not exciting enough to publish.

Ferment will be a night of Performance, Installation and Sound works and will be in an urban location in Melbourne on Sunday 28th of April.

Details will reveal themselves to you soon.

'Satanic' art: witches hit back Police on scent

of 'occult' Innovative art in Canberra enterprise

Dead-horse artists in fear of prosecution

BRAIN WASH

Entrails
find is
art not
the devil

Art?



WARNING-YOU ENTER AT YOUR OWN RISK...

The call of a Danish Valhalla

You have different priorities as a child. Relationships, politics, money, fashion — you just don't care. Different things matter. Food matters. TV matters. Toys matter. Toys matter a lot. Wandering through *Toys 'R Us* last week, looking at the truly weird things kids today are interested in, I passed in voyeuristic fascination through the Barbie aisle (pausing only to admire the suave sophistication of Ski-Bunny Barbie), dragged myself with aching regret from the Star Wars aisle, letting go of my plastic luminescent lightsaber only when an acne-covered casual plied it from my death-like grip, and spinning around, came to an abrupt, stumbling halt. Somehow, without consciously realising it, I had been drawn to that place, had been waiting for that moment — standing there, mouth gaping, heart thudding, listening to the muzak swell. I had found it. I had reached paradise.

The Lego aisle.

Lego. The name itself rings with a kind of Danish mystique, which is accompanied by so many memories that standing there it almost overwhelmed me, left me prone and gasping on the suspiciously clean aisle seven lino. The Lego box, or bag, or tupperware container or whatever — didn't everyone have one? Don't we all remember the sheer joy of creation which Lego provided? The thrill of the hunt, the desperate scramble for a single piece of the perfect colour and shape. That sound, surely ingrained into the soul of each one of us, somehow as primordial and basic as our mother's heartbeat in the womb, of digging your hand through a box of Lego, listening to it chime and ring.

Lego was about more than mere construction. Lego was about passion, triumph, frustration, disappointment. There was never enough; never a yellow two when you needed it; always so many of those little steering wheels or flower stems except when you desperately wanted one; and always when you identified the perfect piece your best friend or sister or the kid from over the road had just used/taken/swallowed it. You could always identify your Lego by a simple check of the neighbourhood dental records: only Lego possessed the mystical ability to somehow bond together stronger than superglue or steel welding. All of my Lego was covered in tooth marks. It was all there, in that box, that container, that paradigm melting-pot of cultures and societies — space, city, castle and technic.

You could, and still can, judge people by the type of Lego with which they most identified. I was a Space Lego child, but I don't think it ever really satisfied me. Deep down, inside, I know I was a frustrated Castle lover. I think it was a class thing. The economies of Lego were harsh. Oh, sure, there was a certain egalitarianism in the fact that you could always buy the little one-offs. You know, the sports car, or the ambulance, or the crappy little space ship. But the big things — the castles, the airports, the space stations, they were consigned to the realm of the desperate imagination for all but the wealthiest capitalists. I think the only time I ever seriously considered a life of crime was as a seven year-old dribbling all over the Lego castle. I wanted it. No, I needed it.

But there was always some kid who had more. You would spend hours, days, meticulously constructing your own little world, use every single piece in the box, and then you would go over to another kid's house who had the whole village set up in his back room, who had the monorail for christ's sake, and electric lights, and those space flats which had the little hills with craters on them. It was like going to one of those World Expos which took up the whole floor of a department store in Sydney. Where did those exhibitions come from? We all knew. That mythical Danish Valhalla everyone used to dream of — Legoland. You would hear about it, in the playground, behind the climbing equipment or by the bike racks after school. Whispered, conspiratorial conversations bent over worn, grubby catalogues. The place where all your Lego fantasies were satisfied.

Legoland. I pictured it like a cross between Santa's workshop and Willy Wonka's chocolate factory. And didn't you imagine that somewhere, in Legoland, there were the people whose job it was to make Lego. Think about it. Someone has to think this stuff up. That was what I wanted to be when I grew up. I had my career path all planned. And that was why the Lego competitions were so important, the ones they used to run in the local department store. Don't you see, they were a training ground, an audition. I truly believe that there were Danish Lego scouts who hung around those competitions, and that if you made it through, to the big time, the World Lego Championships, your reward would be one of those jobs, where you had to sit around all day and make stuff with Lego.

I would still give up everything, my friends, my degree, my prestigious position writing for one of the premier student newspapers in Australia, if one day I heard the Call of Lego. If only one day a besuited Danish stranger would come up to me and, in halting, poorly expressed English, say: "Lego wants YOU." I would do it. I would just leave it all behind, and disappear into the Danish Valhalla of my dreams.

The Ferret

Mad Cows — just a load of bullocks

As a wave of mass hysteria and rampant vegetarianism sweeps the fair country of Britain, the Australian public snigger, the Australian Beef Industry thanks its lucky stars and the scientific community shakes its head in disbelief.

What was formerly a little known and little understood problem, prions have been elevated to star status by an apparent 'epidemic' (if one is to believe the papers) of Mad Cow Disease, Creutzfeld-Jakob's Disease and numerous other incarnations. In fact, the range of these diseases is quite amazing — cats have been hit with the so-called 'Mad Miaow Disease', elderly pensioners have been reputed to have caught a type of Creutzfeld-Jakob's Disease from consuming dog and cat food, and it is now believed by a select few that Elvis himself was a victim of Mad Pelvis Disease, hence the wild gyrations of the star in his performances.

The origin of this disease is the brain, which is where it has the most catastrophic effects. Cows in Britain are fed with sheep meal containing, apart from offal and crushed bones, brain and spinal cord. Sheep themselves suffer a prion-related disease called Scrapie. Cows that are fed brains and tissue from infected sheep will inevitably consume the prions in the tissue, and subsequently contract Mad Cow's Disease. The link between sheep and cows is relatively undisputed, but proof of a link between human consumption of contaminated beef and contraction of Creutzfeld-Jakob is far more tenuous.

The truth of the matter is that there is no epidemic, nor will there be one; especially not from eating

beef. The main sources of infection for diseases such as Creutzfeld-Jakob (which is the human manifestation of Mad Cow's Disease) are Growth Hormone treatments and brain surgery, and the chances of a human contracting the disease from the consumption of meat are in reality very, very small.

To understand the nature of any of these diseases, we need to understand the culprit that causes them; prions, or proteinaceous infectious particles. These are neither viruses nor bacteria, based on the fact that prions cannot be killed by any of the processes used to kill viruses and bacteria, and this is where the biggest problem arises. Not only is this particle quite undetectable, it is also relatively invincible. Sterilisation procedures in hospitals don't successfully eliminate the potential for contamination of surgical instruments, nor do the sterilisation procedures for processed food. This has not always been the case. The original temperature required by law for sterilisation in hospitals and the food industry was much higher ten years ago, but the cost of heating equipment to such a high level was too costly for the government to bear, so the temperature requirements were lowered. It is now believed that the difference in the two temperatures has made the difference between a dead prion and a live one.

Once they have invaded the brain, prions cause the mutation of one particular kind of brain protein into a different form, which replicates quickly enough to turn healthy brain tissue into something like a sponge. Growth Hormone treatments are a

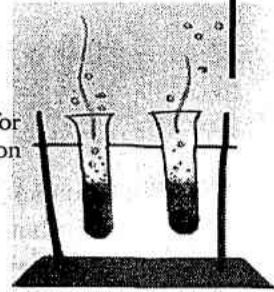
much more common source of the diseases, as the growth hormone is extracted from human cadavers, and it requires an enormous number of these to obtain enough of the hormone for a treatment, thus increasing the chance of extracting from an infected subject, and there only needs to be one source for contamination to occur.

Implants of tissue into the brain is an equally large risk, and certain forms of implants, such as membrane, have been withdrawn due to the high risk of contamination.

The biggest mystery for me, and, I assume, for a lot of other equally confused and bemused people is, if prions can be transmitted between sheep and cows, and supposedly between cows and humans, why not between sheep and humans? Scrapie, which is the sheep equivalent of Mad Cow, is the origin of the disease, and has been spread to cows who are fed infected sheep brains, yet humans don't, as a rule, eat cows' brains; they eat lamb's brains, so why hasn't the public hysteria encompassed the consumption of lamb?

Mass uninformed hysteria has cost the British government and the British Beef Industry astronomical amounts of money, and has also cost farmers in lost income, not to mention a few million cows who are likely to lose more than anyone.

Bianca Nogrady



rant and rave

The debating society

Why is it that the Debating Society attracts so many vitriol attacks? In 1995 the editors of the O-Week handbook wrote an article entitled 'Against the ANU Debating Society', the main contention of which was that the Debaters are sophists who have the moral scruples of Stalin on a bad day. Earlier this year our favourite student politician attempted to whip up a storm of righteous indignation around the election of so many Debating Society members to positions on the sweetest honey-pot of them all, the C&S funding committee. But the DebSoc does not falter when confronted with this type of conflict, having been embroiled in controversies of a more serious nature in the past. It is an organised pressure-group that gets what it wants due to the simple fact that it can generally whip up a disciplined stack at short notice. It has a good turnover of members and uses the structures available to it well.

So, the first reason why DebSoc so often finds itself the object of such attacks is clear. Any bunch of people within a larger group who are consistently successful in obtaining for itself significant amounts of the resources available to the wider group will engender envy. But that is by no means the whole story. The real reason that DebSoc gets under people's skin is that this successful group consists of a large portion of those people that are usually outcasts. These people are nerds. But they are a bunch of nerds who don't suffer the social drawbacks of the archetypal nerd. If this were the seventies, they'd all be wearing skivvies, and yet we all know that a great many of these people will end up on the North Shore driving swish cars, rubbing shoulders with the beautiful people and generally following the traditional bourgeois pursuits of the upwardly mobile.

Debating itself is such a nerdy, all-too-clever-by-half pursuit that it's a small wonder it attracts the type of people it does. These are the people that would quote entire scenes from Monty-Python films at you at high school. But here at the ANU, they're doing Law, fast-tracking, networking, making connections, and paying fees with a 'daddy will pay for it' smile. But I labour my point. Personally, I have nothing against DebSoc, and if they can rip some money off those dumb bastards on the C&S committee, then good luck to them. In fact, I'd like to invite the DebSoc executive over to my house one day. Maybe we could sit around, sip tea, compare skivvies, discuss the world and perhaps, who knows, even play an innocent game of scrabble.

Bitter and Twisted.



Sexual assault on campus

Questions have been raised many times now as to whether a sexual assault incident such as depicted in Helen Garner's *The First Stone*, could take place on ANU campus. If such an incident was to take place, the procedure for dealing with allegations of sexual harassment is that of C.C.A.S.H (Council Committee Against Sexual Harassment). However, despite C.C.A.S.H doing everything in their power to deal with the increasing number of complaints of sexual harassment, full utilisation of C.C.A.S.H is made impossible by the need for further funding.

Such funding would be spent on training (or further training) of members to deal with sexual harassment as well as funding for a C.C.A.S.H. educational program for both staff and students.

The University should increase funding to C.C.A.S.H. not only to protect student and staff welfare, but also to avoid further

litigation in the future. Until such time as organisations like C.C.A.S.H. are properly funded, both students and staff will remain concerned about the level of care that the University shows for their welfare.

Without the proper funding of C.C.A.S.H, will ANU campus become the scene of Helen Garner's sequel *The Second Stone*?

Parenting Room on Campus

Due to the lack of adequate child care facilities on campus, studying can become quite a juggle for parents. The child care facility that does exist is inconveniently situated on the outskirts of the campus, the waiting list is considerably long, and the service is not flexible enough for people needing child care only during lecture hours. We believe it to be necessary that something be done to enable women to "have their cake and eat it too" in accordance with our slogan. For those of you who read the last

edition of *Woroni*, the Women's Department was accused of embarking on a shallow "Just say YES! campaign", claiming that women could "have their cake and eat it too" while neglecting the problems faced by mothers on campus. In actual fact, the Women's Department has been focusing its energy on initiatives to help both mothers and fathers on campus.

At the moment we are gathering names to set up a babysitting group where parents can alternately look after one another's children during lectures and tutorials. If you are interested in being involved call Siobhan or Jess on 2492444 with times that you require babysitting and times of availability.

We have submitted a proposal to Union Board and have spoken to the University in regards to the allocation of a room to function as a Parenting Room. The room would have a combination lock on the door to limit access to parents. This would be a private space where parents could look after, change and feed their children.

We are also conducting a review on university faculty policies in relation to parents. We are interested to know their policies on:

- part time completion of degrees for parents;
- maternity leave;
- attendance of lectures and tutorials with children;
- examination flexibility for parents and pregnant women;
- assessment for parents and pregnant women;

- flexibility of lecture and tutorial times for parents and pregnant women.

A Parents' Club is being formed by Helen Kinmonth. Interested people gathered on March 27th to discuss issues and aims of the group. The next meeting will be held on Monday 15th April on the Bridge. All parents and friends are encouraged to attend. For more information contact Helen on 2474970.

Review of ban on Nestle products

The union is to reconsider its ban on Nestle products which has been in place for 2 years. The ban was set in place after the international community gained awareness into the unsafe bottle feeding practices promoted in developing countries by the Nestle. In many of these countries, breast feeding is healthier for babies due to the polluted water with which baby formula is mixed. The Union is to reconsider its protest as an estimated \$60,000 is lost through the absence of Nestle products. On Wednesday 17th April the Union Board will debate the issue. We encourage people in support of keeping the ban to write to the Union Board to voice their concern. Submissions can be sent to the ANU Union Board, ANU, 0200 or hand delivered to the Union office.

Siobhan McDonnell and
Jessica Warner



Women's Business

Blue Stocking Week, a week run by the Women's Department to celebrate the achievements of women in education, will be held during week 9 (13th to the 17th of May) this year. Events during the week include a **Blue Stocking Week Market Day** on the Wednesday which will be bustling with bands, stalls and street theatre, a **women in education dinner and guest speaker forum** on Tuesday evening, a **picnic brunch** organised by Women on Campus (WOC) on Thursday from 11 to 2 with lots of yummy food, and a **Cocktails and Jazz fundraising night** held on Friday night to raise money for the Women's and Sexuality Departments to attend conferences in Perth. During the entire week the Women's Department will be running an **art exhibition** with works from the School of Art.

All these activities are going to need a lot of helpers so PLEASE, if you have any ideas, energy or time, now is the time to get involved. We would love to hear from you.

Last weekend was the **Chicks Surfing Weekend** so the Women's Department bundled into the car, hit the beach got the gidget groove and surfed (or attempted to surf) the weekend away. Saturday night was spent eating pasta and drinking wine on the

edge of a cliff overlooking the sunset above the ocean (jealous yet?!). Later on in the evening we combined the traditional marshmallow roasting around the fire with a chat to the other women from different universities. There were women from NSW, UTS, Macquarie, Sydney and the University of Wollongong. On Sunday, which was beautiful and sunny, we surfed and went horseriding, then packed up the tent and travelled home to catch *'Pride and Prejudice'* on TV. A fab weekend was had by all. A big thankyou to all the super women and wonder women who came on our adventure.

For women looking for somewhere to groove the Meridian Club (located at 34 Mort St, Braddon) are holding a **Women's Band Night** once a month. The next women's band night is on Saturday April the 20th and **Tinderbox** and **Contrary Mary** will be playing. **Bravdivas** will be playing on Saturday May 18. Cost is free for members and \$5 for guests.

Just a reminder that the Women's Department holds regular meetings on the first Thursday of every month, from 1pm in the Rapunzel Room. These are informative meetings where we discuss current events and issues. Everyone is invited.

champagne charlie

View from the Cesspit

I worked out why most student politicians are single around the time someone bought me a couple of whites in exchange for running in the Board of the Faculties (BotFac) elections. Not for the first time I mistakenly thought: ay-up here's a lark, and it comes with free booze! BotFac takes more explaining: each faculty sends a student to sit once a month for around five hours in a meeting with all the Deans, Department Heads, the VC, and various academic representatives to discuss Important Academic Matters. In theory about 10 students versus 90 academics. Reality: many don't turn up, most who do leave early. This rule is inviolable. Example: last year the student reps. on BotFac got a motion on the table to have uniform, automatic supplementary exams for those who just fail a unit. Some faculties didn't like it: so they wheeled out nonogenarian academic BotFac members who hadn't seen daylight in decades, and parked them, Skayse-like in wheelchairs with

oxygen cylinders, as a crushing bloc-vote in the meeting. Those not occupied in breathing heavily into oxygen masks then spoke long and hard about the threats to academic integrity posed by Supplementary Exams. They spoke long enough to use up most of their colleagues' spare time and most of their supporters oxygen reserves. The "no" voting academics then rushed off in droves to urgent appointments, or to take their frail companions for oxygen-tank top ups. In the ensuing chaos the students lost by only two votes, and oddly two students were missing.

Why weren't they there to usher in a bold new academic world? They had lives. Sure they'd gotten elected, but they formed part of that small minority (less than 10%) of all student politicians who can find a date on Saturday, or (shock, horror) hold down a steady relationship. You want a singles' scene? Try the students at a faculty meeting, try the Student Representative Council. So why are student politicians so chronically

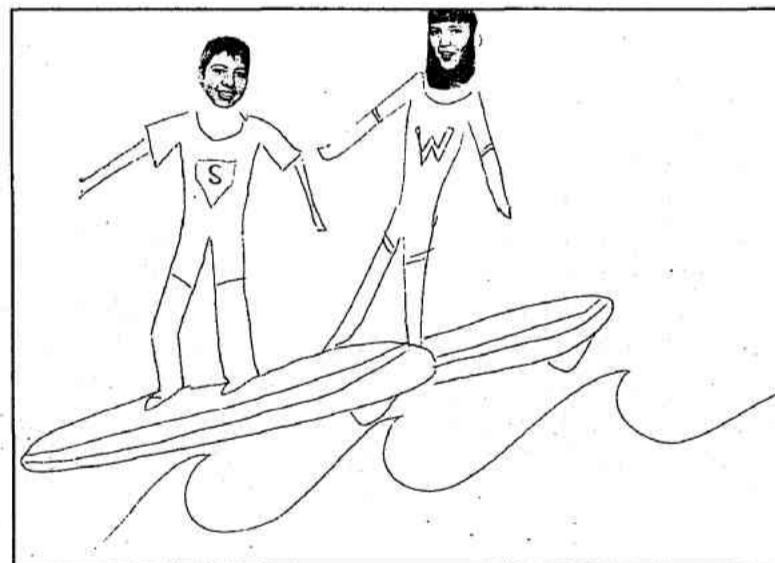
single? (They seldom even seem to date each other - though could this be natural selection's effort to prevent them breeding.) Perhaps this singleness stems from under-developed social skills: not many people talk politics, and if you spend all your time asking people to vote for you, maybe you forget the subtler points of asking someone if they'd care to go halves in two games, shoe hire, a hot dog, fries and a coke. Alternately it could be self-perpetuating: singles go into politics for something to fill in long lonely hours, then get addicted to the adrenalin crazed world of electoral cycles, stacking meetings, and delusions of Real Power to Change Anything. The thought that my own prospects of finding the perfect partner could be diminished by student politics only dimly began to dawn when I was "elected" to BotFac. (And heard the war stories of outgoing student war-horses from that august body.) It occurred to me, as I received my first triple-reading brick sized

BotFac agenda (unlike reading bricks it's free) and was regaled by Very Serious student politicians with pleas to attend "student caucuses" as well as all the real meetings, that I could, with the time this might well take from my life, possibly have:

- taken up a hobby
- done an extra unit in my degree
- have studied for a unit in my degree
- made friends with the bottom of several more bottles in the bar each month
- dated a real person.

I said I was "elected" to BotFac: actually, I was appointed - no-one else in my Faculty wanted the job. Sucked in, right? Your BotFac members are lonely people: go to your Faculty office, demand to be told their identity, hunt 'em down and hassle them with your academic problems. They'll thank you for the human contact.

Champagne Charlie



Liberal



The relative calm that has fallen upon federal current affairs in recent times forces my attention to the student political scene. Sorry folks.

PREMATURE EJACULATION AND GET SMART

I went to a General Meeting of the Students' Association the other day. Not an experience for the faint hearted, people. Manning Clarke was chokka with student politicians and their mates, with the meeting being chaired by the consummate student politician, William MacKerras. Sorry, did I say 'chaired'? I meant 'chaired' in the most liberal sense of the word, of course. William, it appeared, showed all the control of an adolescent boy with premature ejaculation watching that scene in *Basic Instinct*. Very messy indeed. The meeting, that is. It was student politics. It was fucked.

DISCLAIMERS, ANT COLONIES AND SEWAGE TREATMENT PLANTS

Student politics has descended to such an extent that the general student body no longer has confidence in, let alone respect for, its elected representatives. How can the student body be expected to have confidence in its politicians when, for instance, the Students' Association President, after going to the trouble to call a General Meeting in the first place, was seen standing at the entrance urging students not to attend for fear that quorum might be reached. Its sort of like buying a chick dinner, and then later on saying to her "Not tonight honey, I've got a headache". (Disclaimer: the views expressed in the last sentence do not necessarily reflect those of the author or this publication). Yet the ills of student politics goes deeper than the public perception of student politicians. The delivery of student services by the SA is nothing short of a disgrace. The fact that it took three general meetings to elect a C&S committee is a damning indictment not only of the poor quality of the present administration, but of the system itself. As a consequence, club activities were postponed or cancelled for lack of C&S funds, to the detriment of the wider student community. In addition General Meetings themselves appear to be inherently inefficient. This particular General Meeting at which I was in attendance displayed levels of productivity that make Australia's waterfronts look like ant colonies. If you ever want to see something actually achieved, I suggest in future you go to a sewage treatment plant instead; at least there you can see shit happening.

LIZ TAYLOR'S GETTING MARRIED!

Surely we've reached a stage where it is blindingly obvious that there are excessive levels of student government, not to mention a shitload too many student politicians. The system itself does not defend against inefficiencies and incompetence, is inherently biased and imbalanced, and does little to encourage the efficient delivery of student services which must ultimately be seen as its defining role. Now, with a predictability matched only by Liz Collins announcing another engagement, the Left will come out shouting dirty things like a typical Liberal bastard wants to deny us our democratic rights. But if the bastion of so called student democracy is the SA General Meeting, and if it is a typical practice at such meetings to have the SA President standing at the door urging students not to attend for fear that quorum might be achieved then, frankly, bugger democracy. If student services can be delivered in a more efficient manner, then all steps must be taken to ensure such delivery. And if that means fewer William MacKerras on this campus, then it is a price we'll just have to pay.

Nick Tolley.

Labor



That E word again

I'm sure by now that everyone is mightily sick of hearing about THE election as well as all the bleating/gloating that's been going on. This week I also have the luxury of a column in *Woroni*, giving me the opportunity to respond to the comments of others and to put my spin on the whole affair. If I piss you off, then write a letter because I just live for hate mail.

I was still a young girlie when Labor came to power in 1983 and, like most students during the nineties, have grown up under a Labor government. After a while many people, the Labor party itself included, expected them to remain in power, particularly when faced with a piss weak opposition that was opposed to things like universal healthcare.

In my view that complacency was Labor's greatest mistake and was what lost us the election. By the middle of last year, polling showed that most people had already decided they were sick of a government that, despite delivering on important social policy issues, wasn't pushing the right consultation buttons with the electorate anymore.

It was almost surreal watching the Coalition attempt to sell themselves as caring, sharing, all round good guys; obviously they learnt their lessons well from 1993, when being seen as right wing ideologues didn't exactly endear them to the electorate. This time, the warm and cuddly approach worked a treat, not to mention the effect of dangling an environmental policy/funding carrot that seemed an awful lot like political blackmail.

Post the Big E?

Since the big E the fashionable thing to do/say has been to decry the evil nastiness of political correctness. John Howard has even claimed his victory was one for the anti-PC forces, apparently known as Middle Australia. I mention this not as a piece of meaningless trivia, but because it points to the direction Australia will be taking under our gleaming new government.

This direction is reflected in comments by Nick the friendly Liberal ghost that refer to the "vociferous minorities" no longer being "heard at the expense of ordinary Australians". This is just offensive to anyone who believes in social equity and is more an indication of the speaker's prejudices and social advantages than of the real state of play in Australia. It begs the question of exactly when someone qualifies as an "ordinary Australian"? Perhaps when one manages to become male, white, and university educated at the average tax payers expense?

Another important issue, also helpfully raised by said friendly ghost, is that of the number of women in parliament. I don't doubt for a minute that had Labor won the election, fulfilling their quota obligations would have been difficult unless pressure was applied from the very top. However, I think it is naive to suggest that the Coalition have all of the answers to this problem. What Mr Friendly forgot to mention was that most of the new female Liberal MPs were elected in seats considered unwinnable, a pre-selection approach that is hardly admirable.

Yvette Martin
President, Labor Students Club

Socialist Worker Student Club



On Thursday 28th March, thousands of students around the country demonstrated against impending Liberal cutbacks to funding for tertiary education and student organisations. In Melbourne over 1000 marched, and at the University of Western Sydney, students occupied the law faculty. The Howard government has floated proposals to increase HECS by \$750 million, and to cut Austudy by \$500 million. With a federal Liberal government, ANU is faced for the first time with voluntary student unionism legislation.

VSU is based on a premise of splitting the administrative and political side of student organisation, and denying funding to the latter. This is not an apolitical move. It is a direct political attack on the rights of students, through democratically elected student bodies and through the support that these bodies give to independent student activists, to organise around issues that are important to them, including the defence of education. Currently, student associations have some say in the distribution of a proportion of the GSF: it goes to student newspapers and other student-controlled activities. VSU doesn't mean that we have the option to stop paying GSF; it just means that we abdicate control of it to the Uni administration.

The Liberals will be doing fast what Labour was doing slowly: moving towards user-pays education. There is a myth around that user-pays is inevitable. It's not. It depends on the how hard we are prepared to fight. This means kicking the SA into action, but not depending on them. NUS has played a key role in WA and Vic fighting VSU (and in pressuring the former Labor government into replacing the funding that Kennett and Court took away), and last Thursday, while students nationally were demonstrating, the ANU did nothing. Students need to be united nationally if we are going to defend free accessible education. Voting no to affiliation last year was a mistake; but we should be fighting just as hard, and fighting alongside NUS.

Comrade Ben

Resistance



The Liberal-National Coalition intends to replace Labor's three-mines uranium policy with an open-slat approach. Australia reportedly has 37 potential mines, and now that the spot price of uranium has increased from US\$10/lb last year to US\$15.75/lb last week, mining companies can add economics to their argument that uranium should be treated as just another material.

No matter how uranium is mined, there will be radioactive contamination of the environment. Uranium tailings are the greatest long-term threat. Uranium tailing contain 80% of the radioactivity of the original core and they are easily dispersed by the weather and require containment for hundreds of thousands of years. Tailing containment systems at most uranium mines have a life of 200-500 years. Uranium mining and milling release large quantities of radioactive radon gas into the atmosphere, as well as other chemicals which corrode rock faces. Mt Brockman near the Ranger mine has already suffered corrosion only a few years into the 30-year life of the mine.

A study of Navajo Indians in the western US found an unusually high number of birth defects, among more than 500 babies born between 1967 and 1974. The area around the Navajo lands is marked by more than 350 abandoned open-cut uranium mines.

It's clear that even the first step in the nuclear cycle; mining, is not safe. Even if the feeble safeguards available are used, they will not protect the miners, the environment or the communities living in the region of uranium mines.

The Indonesian government is overjoyed at the news to expand uranium mining and exports. Indonesian has plans to build twelve reactors, the first on the island of Java, which is an earthquake zone, and Australian uranium will fuel them. An accident due to earthquake or equipment failure would harm millions in Indonesia and affect Northern Australia. Indonesia is moving into nuclear power at a time when costs, accidents and the problems of waste disposal are closing down reactors in the First World. About 76 has shut down, mostly in North America, Europe and Japan, and new reactors proposed are rarely moving beyond the drawing board. The nuclear industry is dealing with this by targeting Third World countries.

The Resources Minister, Warwick Parren, has justified the export of uranium by saying that it will only be sold to countries where the uranium use is accounted for, and is not used in nuclear weapons. But there can be no effective way to prevent uranium supplied as fuel from turning up in nuclear weapons. Nuclear reactors produce plutonium, which is suitable for weapons production, during normal operations. It has been argued that the Australian Government's refusal to supply uranium to countries that have not yet signed the Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty (NPT) prevents its misuse. Yet the French, Chinese and Americans - all NPT signatories - are still maintaining and modernising their nuclear arsenals.

An anti-uranium mining National Day of Action has been called for April 26. On that day in Canberra Resistance will be holding a speak-out sponsored by range of environment and community groups in Garema Place, Civic, at 4pm. For more details, or to get involved in the campaign, called 2472424

Michelle Armstrong

Sex and Sexuality

Mention the word 'sex' in any conversation at any place, anywhere any time and you are guaranteed to a.) attract some attention b.) initiate some form of reaction such as giggling, smiling or blushing or c.) if you're lucky, pick up. Moreover, asking yourself why this topic seems to generate faltering interest in everyday life is like the sex act itself — so many different positions to adopt and angles to take. (boom, boom)

And why are sex and sexuality so in our lives that at times we hardly notice?? No its not just about who's fucking whom, believe it or not. Do you remember sexual politics, gender roles, socialisation, questions about what is 'natural', sexual violence, family, masturbation, pornography, censorship, the nature of desire, homosexuality, reproduction, sex and power, sex and money, sex and God, sex and drugs and/or rock and roll.... and that ol' favourite reeclationships? All this to deal with in one lifetime, not to mention trying to work out what or who exactly pumps your loins. It's no wonder we humans get weird about the damn subject. And if you think that's hard, try being a sexuality officer!! Yep it's a bizarre job. People usually laugh when you tell them you work in the 'Sexuality Department' as if a love of sex had compelled you to be there. But aside from raising awareness as to safe sex issues and combating homophobia on campus, there is time to try understand a little of the philosophy of human sexuality...

Sex

If only it was just that. Most of us when we think of sex- the act, think of certain fleshy bits going into or around other squelchy bits. More often we visualise two (maybe more??) bodies thrashing, bouncing, flouncing up and down and sideways with the usual blood, sweat, tears and moans ...

Just two human folk who like each other and want to get to know each other better by engaging in mutually satisfying behaviour leading to greater intimacy and shared happiness. Sounds great, eh? Hello recipe for world peace and harmony. I don't think so. If only it was that easy. (Hey didn't we try that in the 60's?)

Sex, as you may have already experienced is rarely just sex. We cannot help bringing our cultural agendas and hang-ups deriving from them into the picture, which naturally makes getting into someone's pants that much more difficult, except if you were Adam or Eve — but then again they stuffed everything up in the first place. Need I recount the story of the Fall and years of suppressed desire that followed when sexual knowledge became the primal sin. Most of the guilt resting on poor Eve's shoulders, for which women still carry? No? OK.

And supposedly what separates us from the beasts, is our capacity to psychoanalyse ourselves. In as much as sex is seen as involving some of those primal instincts, our desire for knowledge, for why we do what we do has compelled us to define our human sexuality and in a thousand different discourses.

Sexuality

If sex is not about sex, what is sexuality about? Sexuality is about the public and the private and everything in between. Because 'society' dictates where you should put your dictate, based on whatever the prevailing morality is at the time whether you like it or not you construct your sexuality within it or because of it. As Sallie Tinsdale explains;

"I know of no society that doesn't define and delimit sex somehow, create boundaries and parameters of one kind or another... How much of the moral, legal and religious rituals and taboos of sex can we call 'natural'? Perhaps they are psychologically necessary to humans, a kind of natural repugnance we call morality. Perhaps this is human nature, defining and controlling human appetites. Perhaps the need to control is human appetite"

(From *Talk Dirty To Me: An Intimate Philosophy Of Sex* (1994))

Thus while we cannot control our appetites in terms of who we are attracted to on a base physiological level, we still conform to a sexual identity already created for us by popular culture, socialisation and the societal 'norm'. Are you homosexual, bisexual, heterosexual, transsexual, asexual? What does

it mean to belong to one of these labels?

Surely they are just names that tell you who someone sleeps with. Not so, like all labels they tell you where an individual fits in the pecking order where monogamous heterosexual relationships sit at the top. In that construct, Homosexuals are not men who sleep with men, they are men who are oppressed and discriminated against, who have had bad relationships with their mothers, who dress up as women, who are promiscuous and caused the AIDS virus so must be hated for all eternity. Lesbians are women who hate men, who are supposed to be going through a phase — waiting for the primal focus in their lives to come along, a man, who supposedly are 'masculine' women. As for bisexuals, they're just plain confused. Thank God things are changing albeit slowly and the politically correct whirlwind continues...

I suppose there will always be boundaries, but I still long for the day when we stop using them to box one another in and where sexuality doesn't define what we are but remains a part of being a happy healthy amorous human ... then again maybe I just need a good bonk.

PS The Sexuality Department is open 9-5pm Monday- Friday and more often than not one of us is in the office. So if you want to chat, ponder over the ways of the world or simply need a shitload of connies, please drop in and say hi!!

P.S.S Don't forget to catch THE QUEER FILM AND VIDEO FESTIVAL on Thursday 18 April - Sunday 21 April. Will be wild!!



"did somebody say SEX?"



Taking The First Step...

A Course for Lesbian, Gay and Bisexual Students

First Step is a course that has been running very successfully at the AIDS Action Council over the last few years. It is a course for young lesbian, gay and bisexual people. Over the course of six weeks we'll get to know each other and have an opportunity to discuss relationship issues, develop our interpersonal skills, and to gain information and support.

The course will be a confidential space in which we'll be able to discuss the issues of coming out, family and friends, sex, sexuality, HIV and AIDS, self esteem, communication skills and also, how to have fun whilst still studying! The course will also be flexible enough so that the needs and wishes of the group members can be met.

You don't have to have told the whole world to come along. That's a big part of First Step, acknowledging, accepting and respecting the different places people are in in their lives. So, some people in the group may have told some friends and family, and others no-one at all. That's OK. What that diversity brings to the groups is an opportunity for everyone to discover the different effects of being in different places.

First Step is about taking the plunge of

getting to know yourself and others in a safe environment. Within an accepting arena you'll be able to understand yourself more and meet some other people potentially in the same situation as you. Being lesbian, gay or bisexual at uni isn't about feeling alone and alienated; it's about being involved and having fun.

If enough people are interested, we may decide to run a couple of groups, especially as it may be difficult to find a time when everyone can attend. Also, the group may decide to have separate meetings for women and men. When you give me a call that's something I'll check with you, to see if you have a preference, and also to find out times when it would be easy for you to come along.

So why not take the First Step and ring Stephen Lawton on 249 3604 to find out more information? The course will run in second term, starting the week beginning Monday 6th of May and finishing in the week beginning Monday 10 June.

Stephen Lawton
Campus HIV/AIDS Educator
Telephone: 249 3604
Email: Stephen.Lawton@anu.edu.au

First Step

A course in fun, self esteem and relationships for lesbian, gay and bisexual students.

Starts in the week beginning Monday 6th of

May and finishes 6 weeks later.

More info

Call Stephen on 249 3604

FREE TIM TAMS!!! FREE TIM TAMS!!! FREE TIM TAMS!!! FR

searching for that elusive beast — the cheap textbook?
try the second hand bookshop
you'll be pleasantly surprised
visit it in the Students' Association
on the Bridge

president's report

Good News

The ANU is pushing forward with its request for a three million dollar increase in its grant of Building money from the Federal Government, and the Students' Association is helping to achieve a good outcome in this regard. On Tuesday 2nd April I met with Senator John Tierney, the Chair of the Senate Committee for Employment, Education and Training, and hopefully he will have listened to some of the concerns raised. ANU students are largely cut off from access to policy makers at a Federal Level, on account of our not being a member of the national Union of Students. Tuesday's meeting was a good opportunity to make up for this. I must say that I am very pessimistic as far as convincing the Federal Government to do anything good for students that the previous government didn't do, but the building money issue is of a slightly different nature. My understanding is that the increase will lead to the University receiving extra money at the expense of other Universities. As this will not cost anything in itself, hopefully the Federal Government will go for it.

A favourable outcome will result in considerable benefit to students. The Chair of the Board of the Faculties and I sit on the University's Finance Committee, and we will be arguing that the University should use the new money to waive \$2.7 million of the Faculties' Recurrent deficit. For years the ANU did not receive any building money from the FEDERAL GOVERNMENT, and this changed largely because the Faculties went to considerable expense in showing the Federal Government that our existing buildings were being used efficiently. The amounts required were diverted from teaching and research programs. This Faculties could not afford to do this, and hence are in debt substantially more than they otherwise would have been. Hopefully this can be rectified. If it can, the pressure for increased class sizes, abolition of some courses, and up front fees for others will be reduced dramatically.

Bad News

I will now take the opportunity to heavily criticise the University over a complaint I received from one student, but her situation may be more common than I or anyone else realise. This student came from overseas on a Scholarship formally known as a "fee waiver". This was paid for by interest the ANU was able to earn due to the funding arrangements from the Federal Government. In April, last year the Commonwealth changed these arrangements to prevent any fee waivers for International students. This meant the student in question had to pay full fees for the final year of her degree; when she had never had to before (sounds like Legal Workshop). This was bad enough, but the Faculty in which this student was enrolled decided to wait nine months before telling her she would have to pay full fees, until only one week before they were due! If you're still reading, Phillip,

you should do something about this because it's a disgrace. As President of the Students' Association I find it amazing that so much paper can get shuffled from the University into my office, but some bureaucrat somewhere can't even get his act together such that when the University does a student over that student can have the maximum notice so they can do something to alleviate the pain when it finally happens. If the Students' Association weren't running such a tight budget I'd be tempted to defy the General Services Fee Committee and pay this student's fees ourselves.

A second piece of bad news is that the University has put us on notice that in the near future it will attempt to use the General Services Fee to fund the Counselling Centre and the Health Service. This will mean the GSF will rise, possibly by as much as 50% and students will lose more control over how the GSF is spent. It also complicates the issue of the proposed Students' Services Building, which I outlined in the first Woroni issue of the year. The Students' Association will try to negotiate a co-funding arrangement with the University, where the General Services Fee building money (the Capital Development Levy) will pay only for the office of the Students' Association and other areas over which students will have complete control. If we do not succeed in this, student money will end up paying for new space for the Counselling Centre and the Health Service. If this happens, it will be much harder to argue that student money should not pay for the recurrent funding of these two services. This makes the Student Services Building a worthy but risky undertaking. I wonder whether this is the reason why some people in the University are pushing for it so strongly (Are you still reading, Phillip?).

Some Liberal Students holding positions as student representatives on University decision making bodies seem to be requesting that the ANU support forthcoming attempts by the Federal Government to cut off the ANU Students' Association from the General Services Fee. If this happens, the Fee itself will most likely stay at the same level, but many services will be abolished and those that remain will be controlled by non students. This is a disgraceful position for people who consider themselves student representatives to be taking, and luckily I have no doubt that the University will take a strong position opposing any legislation put forward by the Howard Government.

Students should be concerned that the new minister for Higher Education, Amanda Vanstone, is refusing to rule out changes to with the result that students will be paying more of it. During the Election campaign, the Coalition was very clever in emphatically ruling out higher taxes or new taxes. Looking at this closely, however, it is possible that the new Government could shorten the time over which your HECS debt is paid off. This would not raise the level of the total tax, only the level

being paid off at any particular time. Nor could it be described as a new tax. This measure would raise considerable amounts of money for the new Government. Stay tuned for the budget.

Student members of the Board of the Faculties have been pushing for a relaxation of the Examinations timetable such that less students have to sit more than one exam in two days. We sent a letter to the Chair of the Board of the Faculties suggesting that this could be done by using the whole of the Examinations period more evenly, instead of the current situation where lecturers schedule most of their exams in the early period so they can get their marking over with as quickly as possible.

My job was to argue our proposal before the Steering Committee of the Board of the Faculties. I am sad to report that the response of the Committee was very disappointing. It was pointed out that at the end of the year there is a whole week of the exam period with no exams in it at all. One academic took this completely the wrong way and suggested that this week be abolished completely! Another one seemed to admit that there was hardship but that it was justified by the overwhelming need to inform students performing badly of their results before they choose their second semester enrolments. This argument is totally inapplicable to the end of year exams, because it is perfectly simple to make a nominal enrolment and then vary it during O week before lectures begin. We will now attempt to convince the Board as a whole to implement this idea.

The Registrar is currently preparing a paper on fees for graduate coursework students. The present situation for many courses is that you will pay a smaller charge through the HECS system if you study the course full time, but you have to pay a full fee up front if you study the course part time. The University wants to remove this distinction and charge full upfront fees for almost everyone. This will be a tremendously difficult move to prevent, because the principle of upfront fees was fought and lost by students over the Legal Workshop Fee in 1994. The Registrar among others believes that a more equitable distinction would be between those who can afford to pay and those who can't. I would agree that such an arrangement would be preferable to the existing one, but the reality is that the amount of students paying through HECS would fall if the full time/part time distinction was removed. I will be endeavouring to stop this proposal, but to be realistic it looks as though we'll be left rummaging through the scrap heaps looking for concessions to lighten the impact of the measure. These could include a cap on the fee, to stop the University working out the deficit and adjusting their fee paying courses to fill it.

William Mackerras

The President's Report in edition 2 of Woroni was censored with a black box, as it was thought to contain defamatory material.

treasurer's report

Nestlé Ban

The Union Board of Management is currently reviewing the ban on Nestlé products. If the ban is overturned it will mean the relevant student politicians are surrendering their political beliefs and ideals, in a desperate attempt to meet the 'bottom line'. There are two main issues that stick in the craw of students lobbying to keep the ban in place:

- Despite overwhelming protests from human rights organisations all over the world, such as Community Aid Abroad, Nestlé have not withdrawn from their vigorous marketing of baby-food formulae to third-world countries. This action encourages mothers away from breast-feeding, and hence causes harm to thousands of children around the world.

- In attempting to overturn the ban it argued that people should be left to make an individual protest, according to the laws of the free-market. However, because of clever public relations by Nestlé, many

people do not have accurate information about the harm that is being done. Thus it is right and proper that as elected representatives Board members show leadership on this issue and vote to maintain the existing ban.

Review Committee

The S.R.C. recently established a Clubs and Societies' Review Committee, which I supported because of its objective to further promote equity and accountability in regard to club funding. The Review Committee examines decisions of the original committee, where the club in question has two or more members on that committee. A review has already been undertaken into one substantial piece of funding, resulting in that particular grant being scaled down. This justifies the existence of the Review committee, and is a testament to its determination to achieve its objective.

Daniel Jenkins
S.A. Treasurer

general secretary's report

The position of General Secretary was created to ensure the smooth and orderly running of meetings. There have been three General Meetings this year: in the first I could not be in the Chair as I was standing for election; in the second I resigned the chair so I could partake in the voting and debate on a motion of urgency. This left the ANUSA President in the position of having to Chair the meeting, which inadvertently politicised the atmosphere of the meetings in an unfortunate manner. This led to controversy and uncertainty, for which I apologise, especially as related to the Clubs and Societies Committee (the one that gives your clubs money).

After three weeks, and three meetings, the Clubs and Societies Committee debacle has been laid to rest. At the first meeting, held on the 14th of March, we managed to fill unopposed committee positions and elect a Chair of the Clubs and Societies Committee but the meeting had to be closed because we had only been able to book a theatre for one hour. On the 21st a second meeting was held and there was some controversy over what actually occurred: the Chair claimed to have closed the meeting, others claimed to have suspended standing orders and elected a Clubs and Societies Committee.

In the meantime the Student Representative Council created an interim C&S Committee of myself, John Asker and Jamie Driscoll to get clubs affiliated and make urgent grants. I'd like to thank John and Jamie for their valuable time and assistance.

On the final meeting of Thurs-

day the 28th I was in the Chair. Given that there was a tense atmosphere, everyone conducted themselves very well. Minutes of the previous meeting were assented to, and the revised SA budget was passed with a minor amendment. There was a procedural motion to consider the validity of the meeting of the 21st and the elections conducted at that meeting. I received a written request to make a ruling from the Chair on the matter.

My ruling boiled down to this: that the Chair should not have attempted to close the meeting at that point; however, there is a four stage process for suspending standing orders and those who claimed to have them suspended skipped steps two and three. I ruled the election of the previous meeting invalid.

A motion of dissent was moved to the effect that the previous election should be deemed valid as the meeting was conducted in extraordinary circumstances not covered by the rules, and the popular will expressed at that meeting should be upheld.

My ruling, however, was upheld by the meeting. We proceeded to conduct fresh elections. We now have filled the Clubs and Societies Committee, the Education, Welfare and Finance Committees as well as having a job-sharing pair elected as Environment Officer, and have filled one of the SRC vacancies. My congratulations to all those elected.

Again I would thank all those present at the meeting for their tolerance, patience and good conduct at the meeting. I look forward to future meetings of the same standard.

Douglas Guilfoyle

Wetlands — are they being dried out?

Wetlands are defined broadly by Davis (1994) as any areas of water where depth is not greater than 6m, and this may also include the water's edge. Wetlands act as a water supply (storage), they reduce the effects of floods, and act as silt traps, thereby recycling nutrients in river systems. Wetlands, in general, are very species-rich areas because they combine both terrestrial and aquatic systems often containing a large variety of vegetation types which can cope with different water levels (Davis, 1994). Therefore they need to be managed as a system, however so little is known about the plants and aquatic invertebrates (eg insects, crustaceans) which provide the basis of the food chain, or the fish, amphibians and reptiles which rely on these (Dave Rush, pers com). Only the waterbirds are well studied and known.

Although they are so important, wetlands are still decreasing in area (Davis, 1994), and now over half of the original wetlands in Australia are degraded or gone (Dave Rush, pers com). Suburban development is a major cause of coastal wetland destruction. To allow development and stop flooding, many coastal wetlands were deepened and their sides raised, and this has changed water flow patterns dramatically.

In country areas wetlands were usually thought to be wastelands in their natural state, and therefore they were drained and their rich soils were often utilised for agriculture (Roberts, 1990). Also, the high usage of water by humans has resulted in 42% of 'flood plain' wetlands in the Murray river system to be raised above the level of regulated flow (they now only receive water from surplus flows and/or drainage water) (Pressey,

1986) and this has changed ecosystem function. Even when water flow has been maintained through wetlands this has not always been beneficial, mainly because it has reduced natural fluctuations in water level. Amazingly, the periodic drying out of wetlands can be beneficial as it enhances the availability of nutrients after reflooding. This leads to increases in invertebrate biomass and breeding activity in frogs and waterbirds (Pressey, 1986). However wetlands can only handle short periods of drought.

As wetlands act as silt traps, many are now silting up due to high levels of soil loss from farms and industrial areas, and this has also increased the potential for long lasting pollution (such as by heavy metals). Although laws have changed and people have become more aware, a large proportion of wetlands exist on private land and therefore remain under continuous threat of degradation.

The Jerrabomberra Wetlands near Fyshwick are the largest (1-72ha) and most diverse wetland in the ACT. As the wetlands are permanent they provide a refuge for birds from more distant areas, such as Lake George, in dry times (Dave Rush, pers com). The wetlands provide a variety of habitats within the one ecosystem (Dave Rush, pers com). These include deep water where Cormorants and Nankeen Night Herons breed, as well as shallow backwaters which are suitable habitat for the migratory Latham's Snipe and dabbling ducks which feed on invertebrates, as well as seeds and grasses. Shallow water and large shorelines enables a large abundance and diversity of vegetation to grow for example

reed beds, which support Reed Warblers, Swamp hens and many other birds. The wetlands are also home to water rats, Platypus and some common fish such as Golden Perch, Carp and Goldfish. Reptiles and frogs are less well known.

The Jerrabomberra wetlands have multiple uses, such as education, tourism and grazing. Cattle grazing controls introduced weeds and makes the land suitable for many grazing waterbirds. Jerrabomberra wetlands are a testing ground for rangers, providing experience which may be used in the future for the management of more critically threatened wetlands. Projects recently completed have included the building of bird watching hides and the improvement of paths to make access and education easier for the public (Dave Rush, pers com).

Many Nature Parks in Canberra have 'care groups' that remove weeds, help plant seedlings and monitor the environment. If you are interested in helping to conserve and learn more about wetlands then contact me on email w9306274student.anu.edu.au or ph 2544556

Benj Whitworth

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- I would like to thank Dave Rush of Jerrabomberra Wetlands

A little bell told me

Have you ever been engaged in some useful or useless practice when suddenly into your head has popped an idea whose origins are from where you know not? Like you may be writing an archaeology paper when suddenly you recall a one-liner from *Seinfeld*, or imagine what a raw snail might taste like. A thought comes unconnected and unbidden into your mind. Carl Jung was not the first person to comment on the existence of the Collective Unconscious, but he was the first to attempt to give it a serious image. Well it's hardly a concept that most of us take seriously, but its implications are enormous.

Words are the order of the day, and now let me move away from Philosophy and Psychology and onto Physics. Sometime in the 1970s it was brought to the attention of the world's researchers into and worshippers of Quantum Physics the notion of 'Bell's Inequality', then only a theory. It's a shame that I'm going to have to explain this, because it is such a crucial idea that we should learn about it along with Captain James Cook and the Rum Rebellion in Primary School. The theory of Bell's Inequality went along these lines. That if two electrons interact with each other (the way that electrons are wont to do) they become part of the same wave pattern (a 'wave' of electrons, as I understand it, requires more than one electron). Lets call these electrons A and B. Just put B to the back of your mind for the moment, because electron A, after this liaison, fucks off in a different direction than it had been going originally and winds up, over many millions of years at the edge of the universe. All this time it considered itself lucky not to have bumped into any more of its brethren. However, its luck comes to an end and it finally suffers another collision at some point (lets say with electron C).

Now, we must not forget electron B who after his close encounter with A pisses off in the opposite direction from, but otherwise moving in exactly the same formation as, electron A. They share the same wave function now, so B has the same frequency and so on as A. Now millions of years later, B has become an electronic recluse at another side of the universe, meeting with no new electrons all this time. Now here's the rub: at exactly the same time as A had its fender bender with C, at exactly the same time, simultaneously, electron B suffers a change in its wave formation as if it had had the same collision as A had. In other words across millions of light years electron A is having an instantaneous (ie faster than light) effect on electron B. From that moment of course, electron C will be able to affect electron A in the same way. Funnily enough, this has been proven experimentally—Bell's Inequality is not just a theory any more; it's more real than Quantum Physics. It is the implications of all this which are still being debated.

Let's look at some of these implications (and they are heavy). We know that flows of electrons can carry information. Down telephone lines, through computers and so on. While Bell's Inequality doesn't strictly mean the instantaneous transferral of information, it could be argued that an electron going through a bird's head as it's eating a snail could have its movement altered and voila, courtesy of an electron in your head, you suddenly imagine you imagine what it would be like, not to have live in Palaeolithic times, but what it would be like to eat a snail. Collective Unconscious. Wow! But check this out. It doesn't stop there. Followers of the Big Bang Theory will tell you that back 20 billion or so years ago, every electron was joined together in one small piece of matter which spawned the universe. That means that all electrons have this influence upon each other. So to throw a cigarette butt into a fire could cause such a change in the electrons within that cigarette butt that could cause a planet in the another galaxy to disintegrate. Synchronicity has been a big word of late—coincidences actually happening not as chance but as some kind of ineffable pattern. The fact that you meet a high school friend 'by chance' under the Arc de Triomphe in Paris may not just be luck, but may be the combination of electron influences upon you and that other person. Hell, what we do has an influence upon some alien on the fourth planet out from Alpha Centauri. Or what that alien does influences us. There may be no divine plan, but who says we have free-will? What are peoples' opinions on all of this?

Now to move from the cosmic to the mundane. I was reading a novel the other day, you know, a kind of trashy sci-fi book, when it occurred to me that I should be finding something more constructive to do with my time. "Fuck that," I told myself indignantly, "And fuck you too. I'm allowed to spend my free time doing whatever the hell I want. This is relaxing". Relaxing. The point is. Think of everything you do in your free time. Playing computer games, reading escapist novels, masturbation. It might be fun, but it's not very constructive. Sure, who says you have to be constructive all the time? And that's a fair question, but what you're really doing is not relaxing yourself, but pacifying yourself. Another P word. The times you spend tripped out, glazed over in front of the TV, or wandering the hallowed halls of Sweet Valley High, you are not thinking, questioning or pondering. I would argue that you're regressing. It should make you feel guilty. I know I waste my time in this fashion in an endless amount of ways. In Fascist Italy they had workers clubs designed to distract workers from resisting the state. Nazi Germany, too—clever little ways of pacifying the citizen. Now, as if to make up for the lack of totalitarian terror, we say to the government "Hey, no problem, I can pacify myself." And it's such a waste. As any proponent of Jung's Collective Unconscious will tell you, they'd rather have the idea of pollution free engines, or secrets to time travel enter their heads at unexpected moments, than one liners from *Seinfeld*.

Tree Frog

EARTH MOVERS



The tale continues

My Associate and I descended the stairs to the *Inn of the Grey Table* and were enveloped in a thick, eerie lit fog within moments. It continued for about a floor and then started to thin accompanied by the welcome echo of music. It was Sting's "Island of Souls". The fog disappeared completely as we stepped from the stairs and onto the floor of the *Inn*.

We stood in the corner of a large room with a high ceiling that looked like it could once have been a banquet hall. The walls were dark grey, flecked with lightning flashes of gold and silver and the carpet was a plush deep forest green. A long traditional bar lined with stools and a brass footrail, a backing mirror and three long shelves of beverages lined the opposite wall, while what looked like a boxing ring stood in the other rear corner of the room. In the ring was a rectangular wooden table, finely but simply crafted. The rest of the room was filled with scattered circular tables, mostly designed for a small group but some larger, and each adorned with its own shaded lamp. The room was dimly lit by the table lamps. A few people were scattered about, and usually I would have paid them more attention, but I had business to attend to so I went straight to the bar.

"Hemingway," I addressed the old head barman who had become a trusted friend over the year I'd been a member of the *Grey Table*. Most people assume that Ernest Hemingway is dead, but if he is, he has an identical twin who knows his literature inside out and works at the *Inn*. It's that sort of place — a lot of people we're told are dead turn up there completely intact and alive and interesting.

"What's this charge all about?" I asked him.

"Some of the controlling members of the *Inn* think you've sold out... lost sight of who you were and those things about yourself you once treasured, for the sake of acceptance."

"What do I have to do to answer the charge?" I felt worried about where this was going and it obviously showed on my face.

Hemingway looked at me with a smile in his old eyes; "You'll be alright son - I can see in you that there's been no betrayal. Now take this up to the ring, make yourself

comfortable and quaff it down."

He placed a tumbler of clear liquid on the bar — it was a good gulp, about three shots worth. The tumbler was frosted, no doubt the liquid within ice-cold. I took it without hesitation and strode toward my stage, my trial, shoulders back and eyes straight ahead. I don't know where my Associate placed himself, but I presumed it to be near the ring should I require assistance. There was nothing else inside my mind except a composed acceptance... "What I am is what I should be" ... and I was not afraid of any truth my mind may choose to spill under the influence of the unknown liquid. Suddenly I was in the ring, seated at the massive grey table. Up close it was a formidable object — there were grains in the dark wood, and yet it was silky to the touch, stains and burns lent contour to the surface but felt as though they were beneath glass. The table had an air of significance and history, as if the men who had laughed and argued and brooded around it had endowed it with their own character. And it was so solid and massive; I felt honoured to be sitting at it, admittedly on trial, but still a part of its continuing myth. I raised my glass, and with a toast to the bar, downed its contents.

I sat in silence wondering how long it would be until the liquid took hold and surveyed the room for my Associate. Mere moments later my head exploded in a burst like the worst teenage binge-drinking head-spin, but before I could close my eyes to stop myself falling off the chair the spin was gone and so was the bar. All that was left was the table and the ring and me under a spotlight so bright that I could feel its heat, and a young man standing in front of me dressed in Armani, smelling of Fahrenheit and looking too much like Jason Priestly in an evil mood. So this was my antithesis, my Armageddon and my Idol shaped into one, that part of myself that I hate but desire to succumb to, my prosecutor. He began to pace and question.

"Do you know why you're here?"

"Some crap concerning 'betrayal of essential character' so I recall."

"Don't quote at me," he snapped back.

"What do you think that charge is about?"

"I think it's about the fact that I'm not

who I was when I first came here, or even when I last came here, and someone's threatened by that."

"You're not?"

"No..." I paused to frame an accurate response, "I feel more at home now than I ever did as who I used to be."

"And who were you?" His tone was aggressive, and it could have grated, but I felt comfortable to be answering these questions as an affirmation to the world of what I knew and felt inside.

"I was frightened, self-conscious, foolish, stand-offish as a defense."

"And what are you now? Over-confident, dismissive, arrogant as an offense. You have left behind your angst and pain and with it your passion and caring, and you gained what, peace of mind?" He glared incredulously.

"Yes I gained an acceptance of life and forfeited some passion, but only for lost causes and unrealistic expectations."

"And what about your poetry and your crazy romantic ventures and your not giving a damn about what anyone thinks? You liked those things about yourself, and you crucified them!" The last he said with a snarl.

"Poetry was about inspiration, and I've still got that... those other things were just young and dumb, escaping the dish reality serves up rather than assessing it for its merits and either lapping it up or giving it away. It's the difference between idealism and realism — believing what you want to believe and believing what's true."

"So you don't believe you have betrayed yourself by abandoning things that once defined you?" The prosecutor had lost his aggression and replaced it with the attentiveness of a man who truly wants to hear the answer to his question.

"Change for the better is not a betrayal... if the values that underlaid the old me were eroded along with the behaviours, then maybe yes, that would be a betrayal, but those values haven't changed. I still believe in being uncompromisingly me, and in living hard and by my conscience — it's just that now I do these things with more confidence and less rashness and self-delusion. I'm more content now than I've ever been, and if contentedness is a sell-out then I'm bought

you can stick your membership." I said this with defiance and to my surprise my prosecutor looked pleased.

"I have no more questions." Priestly smiled at me and nodded then turned, hopped out of the ring and disappeared as he left the spotlight.

"And I don't owe anyone any more answers..." was the last thing I remember saying before passing out.

An epilogue

When I awoke I felt refreshed and relieved. I was back in the *Grey Table* and everything was as I remembered leaving it. My Associate sauntered from the bar toward the ring where it looked like he had been talking with Hemmingway, and I rose from the table and left the ring to join him. He told me that I had been sitting there, eyes closed and speaking calmly to myself in gibberish for about half an hour.

We had both had enough of the *Grey Table* for one night so I gestured farewell to Hemmingway and we headed for the stairs while my Associate told me about the trial.

"From what Hemmingway says most people come out of the trial like you did and that means you convinced yourself that the charge was unjustified — like a crisis of conscience, but fought outside your head. Some people can't refute the charge because they feel it's true, and they collapse into a coma..."

"What happens to them?"

"The staff dump them outside the entrance nearest their home and the drug acts to make any recollection they have of the *Grey Table* seem like a dream."

"What about you if that happened to me?"

As we reached the top of the stairs my Associate reached into his greatcoat and drew out an ornately carved dark-stained axe handle, about a meter long and far more wicked than a baseball bat. He started twirling it like a baton.

"Well, I think I coulda got myself kicked out for good too."

I couldn't help but grin. "Man, I'd like to see what that brain juice would do to you. I wonder if you'd ever come back..."

The end.

The Phoenix has risen

anu muslim association

Christ in Islam

By world renowned South African lecturer, Ahmed Deedat. Ahmed Deedat is president of the World Islamic Propagation Centre.

Date: Saturday 13th April

Time: 2.00-4.30pm

Venue: Llewellyn Hall Childer Street, (ANU)

anu navigators

Being a Christian on campus can be difficult. Who can I talk to honestly about my relationship with God? Who can help me with the issues that I am facing? Navigator students support each other in these and other areas of the Christian life. We also enjoy talking to students who aren't of the same opinion re: God, Jesus and life in general, -we're learning like everybody else. We meet off campus for dinner each Wednesday night; transport provided if needed. For more details phone evenings 293 4697(David) or 299 4906 (Kylie).

clubs and societies

resistance

Democratic Socialism '96
 Campaigning for People before Profits. Canberra Conference:
 Hayden Allen Tank, ANU
 April 13-14, 1996
 Talks and Panels on:
 Fighting the Liberal offensive, Trade Unionism, Marxism, International politics, Environment, Racism, Feminism, National Liberation, Student movement.
 Organised by: Democratic Socialist Party & Resistance
 For more information phone: 2472424

Man runs towards the grave,
And rivers hasten to the great deep.
The end of living is their death,
And the palace in time becomes a heap.
Nothing is further than the day
gone by,
And nothing nearer than the day to
come,
And both are far far away
From the man hidden in the heart
of the tomb
Samuel Ha-Nagid

That was how I found him, lying in the tall summer grass. I knew he was dead. Not by his calm face or the stillness of his body, but from the breeze that drifted across the abandoned field. Over the warm scent of the grass yellowing in the sun, came the strands of a smell. So repugnant I remember it still. I turned away and closed my eyes thinking I would be ill.

I'd never seen a dead man before. I'd been to a funeral: stood at the back not wanting, not able to go any closer. I looked at the man who lay wreathed in twisted blades of grass. Nobody crossed this field but me. My secret swimming place lay on the other side, a small river, welling forth from the jostling foothills of the mountain. I looked up at the forested hills. They seemed so far away. Behind me across the paddock lay my way back home. The house perched on the top of an outjutting hill. What kind of magic had brought this silent man to me on this dry summers day?

Looking down at his face, so wan and pale I thought if I had seen him before. He was a stranger not from the valley. Yet so many people came and went that I could not be sure. His clothes were peculiar looking so old and weather worn. There was a bulge in his shirt pocket where I guessed his wallet lay but I dared not reach for it. I thought of running to father. But I knew he was in the far paddock ploughing. I was meant to help today but had slipped away. No, I could not go to father. I knew what I must do. I had done it before with the birds the cat caught. Some of them not quite dead, their bodies twitching. I laid them to rest under the tall Avacado

tree. Its crop was always the best. I took a step closer and draped my blue towel over the prostrate form. The blue stood out on the grassy field where he lay. It kept the flies away.

Maybe I should fetch my friends. It was the kind of oddity they delighted in. For some reason I thought the better of it. I would bury this stranger who crossed my path. Bury him here in the abandoned field. Here in the valley he would be able finally rest from what ever had driven him here. Having made up my mind I started the walk home to fetch a shovel. Traipsing through the sea of shifting drying grass I felt the stalks cut at my legs, thin red lines that began to itch. I knew the way back but always kept an eye on the house as a way marker. Its white roof glistened under the harsh burning light.

When I reached the hill I skirted round the side towards the sheds. The sheds were hulks of stone and metal filled with machinery, cold and lifeless. Yet when you stood silently at the door you could hear them come alive. Tall grass stroked the outside of the sheds, moving to the beat of the wafting breeze. Bees buzzed around a crack in the wall which they had claimed as their own. Little lizards shifted with the shadows, flicking with their tails the odds and ends that lay on the floor. Other signs of life had also made their way through the shed's protective carapace. A snake's skin lay discarded on the floor and a bird's nest hung disused from the supporting beams.

"Whatcha doin'?", my sister's head appeared from behind the mower. The mower sat disabled on the floor, its belly pierced, its guts lying in careful piles. The mower was not working. I wondered if it ever had. I knew if I said nothing it would only pique my sisters curiosity. I picked up the snake skin and waved it in front of her. "I've found a snake and I'm gonna eat it." I lifted the skin towards my lips so delicate and thin. It moved with the draft like a mangled kite.

That got my sister running. I smiled. She could stand anything

but snakes. One day when walking home from school one had slithered in front of her. She froze as it sinuously twisted in circles around her. I told her it was a tree snake and not poisonous but she refused to move. The snake also stopped moving, having found a ray of sunlight that pierced the leafy forest canopy which overhung the road. My sister was so terrified, so scared she did not dare scream. I smashed it with a rock, bits of its flesh landing on her shoes.

I found a shovel amongst the pruning poles, its strong shaft marking it out as one of fathers favourite. It was a long walk back, dragging the shovel behind me. The blue towel worked well as I was able to spot the place where the body lay. Before approaching I took off my shirt and wrapped it tightly around my mouth and nose. Protected in this way I stepped up to the towel hoping that just as magically as it had appeared the body would be gone. It lay there still. And so I began to dig the sun burning down onto my bare shoulders.

It wasn't a deep grave but it was as large as a boy my age could manage. By the time I was done the shadows of the valley had begun to form. I was desperate to get this over with. Using the shovel and my blue towel I rolled the man over to his grave. He slumped into the clay earth; the red, orange dirt giving him colour in the fading light. I laid the towel over him and buried him quickly.

By the time I got home darkness had fallen. My sister had told father about my teasing her. For that and not helping plough the paddock I was sent to my room. I sat there hungry, wondering about the dead man, hating my father and figuring out how to inflict retribution on my sister.

No one ever asked about the man but when washing day came I got in trouble for losing my towel. I couldn't go back across the empty field ever again. The patch of tall green grass was too strong a reminder of what lay beneath.

I have a new swimming place now where nobody ever comes.
Jeffery Goines

Home girls

There come's a time in a young girl's life where she decides that it really is time to move out of college. This might come about after the fiftieth time of pounding on the next-door neighbour's door in the vain hope that he might hear you and kindly turn down his stereo, or on discovering that the other next door neighbour deals drugs to half the university plus the floor cleaner, or it may simply be that you get sick and tired of hunting for the Review section of the Australian up and down the kitchen only to find it smeared with the remains of the kidney beans and spaghetti bolognese. My moment of revelation coincided with the discovery that I only had one fork and one plate left, and that I'd stolen both of those.

The time had come to find a house. My so-called friends and prospective house mates had deserted me. The Navy Queen was holed up in a slick tiled apartment in Kaleen complete with kidney shaped pool. The Drama Queen was camping rent-free with the folks up north. I had to go it alone. Almost. Everyone had deserted me bar the trusty schoolfriend. She had a car. We revved up the Mazda and hunted down a home.

In the early days I was very blase, imagining that I would find my perfect house and simply move in. The thing is that life mirrors advertising. The pepsi ad is for real. I was inspected from head to toe for possible compatibilities/ odours/unsavoury habits/ electrical appliances. Unfortunately, I only had a breville sandwich maker to offer as dowry. I flogged this measly offering for all it was worth. The phrase 'We'll call you' rang in my ears. To this day I haven't heard from any of them.

The first house was palatial. The residents clean living vegetarians who flowed graciously from room to room. I'd chosen to wear my best shades of structured navy blue— I knew that we were not destined to be.

House Two had a hideous bright blue room and a housemate who'd done everything. He tossed his Daniel Day Lewis corkscrews: 'I take the Australian Volleyball team skydiving. So, you're interested in drama? Well I was with the Royal Shakespeare Company. Yes, (he inclined his head modestly) I did single handedly bring about peace in Bosnia.' He also knew Nigel Snoad. But who doesn't?

Finally in the middle of a telephone conversation with 'an easy going fifth year' I worked out that I knew her. I strutted around for the rest of the day smirking 'I think I'm in there.'

There was a room empty. In a benevolent spirit I rang the Drama Queen. 'Hey, there's a Social Security Office just down the road. Come back to Canberra'. She duly arrived, took one look at the white-goods heaven that I had found for her, monitored the size of the rooms, worked out that she had the smallest one (well she did arrive last) and started talking about the need for space and artistic creativity. After a while we convinced her that she could still paint in a closet and that we needed her because she was the only one who could cook.

Now the Drama Queen and I are safely ensconced in inner suburbia. We have no TV, but we watch the young liberals over the road. The Navy Queen comes to visit occasionally and tells us how she how she is tired of cleaning the tiles and yelling at the layabouts around the pool to shut up. We just turn on the dishwasher, the microwave, the cappucino machine, the washing machine and the pizza oven and watch her mouth words. Later, she leaves worried messages on the answering machine. Apparently she's concerned about the electricity bill with all these extra appliances. We've offered to swap her the pizza oven for one of her three TVs.

Helen Drew

Need a place to live?

Housing Online

If you are looking for a house or flat to rent on the private market you can now look on the Internet. Housing Online is a list of accommodation available on the private rental market. It is updated each week by the ANU Housing Referral Service.

Housing Online is located on the CIS Homepage (called "ANU Online"), under 'Noticeboard'.

The URL is <http://cis.anu.edu.au/Housing/housing.html>.

Housing Referral Service

The Housing Referral Service (HRS) also acts as a broker to assist students to find accommodation on the private rental market. Students can apply to the service and receive free rental advice and assistance negotiating with Real Estate Agents to secure a property.

Landlords can list their properties with the service free of charge.

For more information contact the Housing Referral Service Officer at the Housing Office on 243 3100 (73 100 internal) or 018 623 860.

This service is brought to you by the ANU Housing Office.



Ruby My Dear — 'Postmodern Revolutionaries'

Woroni's Rachel Doland spent some time on the Student's Association bridge with Ruby My Dear's frontman Alopi.

W: When was "Ruby My Dear" formed?

RMD: We were formed in 1992, here at ANU actually.

W: So you studied at ANU?

RMD: Yes, we're the most qualified band around actually! No, just kidding. The original guitarist and myself studied together and lived at Bruce Hall.

W: What are the origins of the band members?

RMD: Well we have had a number of changes over the years, but its really like the UN. Within one band because we have had South Americans and Slovenians, Tongans, an African born guitarist, Indians, West Indians and West Papuans...

W: From listening to your latest Cd release "Revolution Baby" it seems that your music style is a mix of reggae, funk and perhaps acid jazz influences, is this an accurate description of your music?

RMD: That is always a hard question, because we've never had an acid style as such, it's more like 'mish mosh' than anything else, but of course what you hear is actually two or three years old now — it just took us that long to get it out on CD, a lot of the new stuff is very different. Someone once described our music as 'bounce' because that's sort of what you do — bounce.

W: How are your CD sales looking?

RMD: We have had a good response and in fact we sold the last of five hundred CDs last week. We hope to go back into the studio later this year.

W: On the back cover of "Revolution Baby" you thank the A.C.T. government for giving you 'the cash with which to make this,' how exactly did you come by this money, presumably you didn't steal it!

RMD: (laughs) Well, no, we received an A.C.T Cultural grant in 1994 to finish off a previous recording that we did which suffered tape damage. We were one of the first bands to get a grant and 'Prick Harness' got one the same year as we did, which helped them towards their Edinburgh debut.

W: Do you work together when composing music and lyrics?

RMD: Generally someone has an idea and we kind of 'workshop it.' It's certainly a group effort when it comes to the arrange-

ment.

W: When you write lyrics do you intend to convey a particular message?

RMD: Um, yes I mean I'm hopeless at writing sort of lovey dovey songs and all my songs tend to be "social issue" oriented. My cousin writes a range of stuff and people often say "wow those lyrics are really wierd", and it's good people think that there is actually deeper meaning to it — when actually there's no meaning to it, no (laughs) but there are definite themes running through our music.

W: For example?

RMD: Well I guess this CD, "Revolution Baby" is about letting go, allowing yourself to be free of ideas, we're like 'postmodern revolutionaries'... how wanky is that!

W: Has music developed its own style in the 90s or are we reverting back to the 60s and 70s?

RMD: That's a difficult question, because it's true that many modern bands are very influenced by the 60's and early 70's, including Ruby My Dear, but I think it has a lot to do with the fact that that time was extremely creative. But what's cool about it now is that kids get to take all the good parts of the 70's, which I grew up in, and don't have to put up with the really really daggy parts.

W: So it's not a cop out?

RMD: Not at all, music is about creativity but you can't ignore history. Every music has its historical roots, I mean there was nothing new about the blues, there was nothing new about salsa and samba and funk — what does funk come from? It comes from rock 'n roll — these things are a constant evolution of sound of mixing things together. But I think that we have reached a time now where we have heard almost everything, so now it's a fact of amalgamating sounds to come up with new sounds.

W: Do you feel that you have a social responsibility, because of your position of influence, to warn young people of the dangers of drug abuse?

RMD: I think that people make their own choices. I mean I never take drugs, except cava occasionally, because I get the biggest rush when I'm on stage performing. Although I don't advocate drug use, I don't think it's society's role to police drug use. I

think it's more a case of education than telling people what to do.

W: But surely music can play an important role in education?

RMD: Of course, and there's no doubt... and ah... alright, I'll write a song.

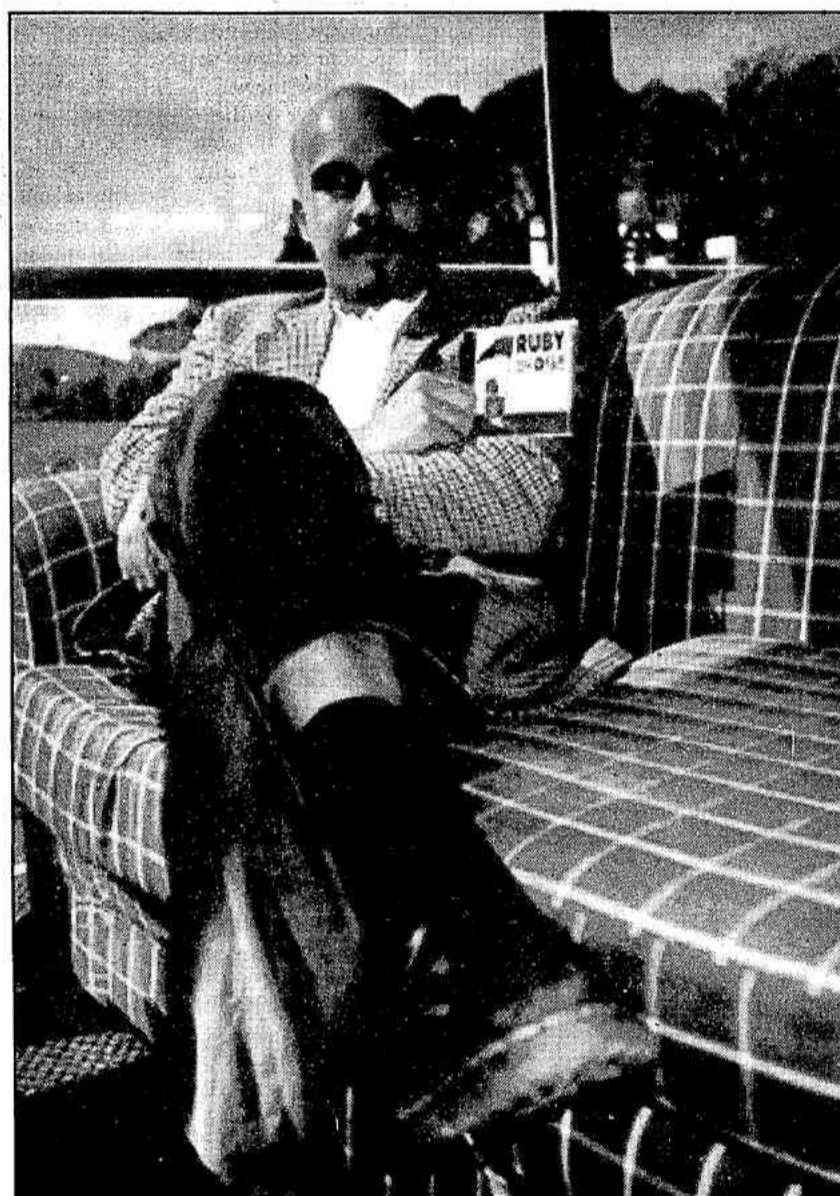
W: Do you have an original sound?

RMD: I think that there is a definite 'Ruby My Dear' sound which has developed over the years. It's not an original sound in that it comes from a number of influences, but I think it's a sound that sets us apart from

others. Our sound really depends on who is writing the particular song. It's a mix of things; there is jazzy stuff within it, I mean I am very much into world music influences like African, Caribbean and other sounds and my cousin is really into full on into funk and soul.

To hear the original sounds of Ruby My Dear get along to the end of term party at En Vogue on Friday April 19th.

Rachael Doland



Bad Religion The Gray Race

German band Bad Religion's two most recent releases *The Gray Race* and *Punk Rock Song* have been bundled together for the purposes of this review because the latter (a CD single) has been lifted from the former (an album). Both are typical of the sound which listeners will have come to expect from Bad Religion in recent times; and of which another recent example is last year's single *21st Century (Digital Boy)*. In this review, the office goth intends to don his inquisitorial hat, and ask whether the theme which seems to be developing in Bad Religion's music should be seen as a good or a not-so-good thing.

It would seem that Bad Religion is selling quite well at the moment. Certainly, the latest single has been receiving a not insignificant amount of airplay on Triple J. However, at least as far as the office goth is

concerned, *The Gray Race* and *Punk Rock Song* are simply too bland, and have too little to say. Perhaps even more damning is the fact that the 15 tracks on the album and four tracks on the CD single (three if you



count the two versions of the title track as one song) all sound far too much like each other. While variety may be the spice of life to some, this dictum seems inapplicable to Bad Religion. Most songs seem to be two to three minutes long, with fast and husky vocals, and an almost standard abrupt finish. However, to be fair, it should be pointed out that at least two songs on the album — 'Pity the Dead' and 'Streets of America' — do mark an attempt to depart from the mould somewhat.

The publicity people at Sony Music like to describe Bad Religion as being a group of inspired punk poets with a unique talent for communicating the woes of our modern world. It is therefore striking that album and single alike seem to fail spectacularly in this regard. It is true that the music expresses concern at the state of the world, but this

comes across largely as a set of complaints about a catalogue of errors. Moreover, while these complaints are made, no solutions are offered. In this sense, the music is negative and superficial, as if engineered with angst-filled 16 year olds in mind. In any case, messages are apt to be lost when every song on an album sounds the same. In summary, the album *The Gray Race* and the single *Punk Rock Song* may indeed be commercially viable, and have probably been very well marketed by Sony, but (sadly like so much 'alternative music') they are severely flawed. In fact, the office goth wonders whether *The Gray Race* might have been better entitled *The Gray Album* to signal its lack of variety between tracks and inability to grab the listeners' attention.

Office Goth



classic crap

One only has to compare the power and influence exerted by leading politicians to that exerted by a leading lady in the film industry to realise who is really in charge in this world of ours. Bill Clinton can strive to end all hatred and animosity in the world, and spend his lifetime plodding through press conferences and papers, only to achieve a token handshake between lifelong enemies, who subsequently revert to their angst-ridden ways. Yet the pure, crystal voice of Maria Callas singing the last song of the dying Mimi in *La Boheme* can unite man and woman from every walk of life in the love of such perfection and sorrow.

My point is that a book, or piece of music, or film can do more to change our hearts and minds than the ravings of even the most convincing politician. Art appeals directly to the soul without getting bogged down in the materialistic and practical mind.

Bollocks, you say? Well, each to his own, but the following works have all had a profound effect on me in some way, despite my fundamentally atheist and politically cynical beliefs.

Blue Highways, by William Least-Heat Moon

This is a story for anyone who's ever travelled alone, and knows the depth of the thoughts and observations that you make in your solitude. The author, having separated from his Cherokee wife and lost his job, packs his life into the back of a campervan with the intention of exploring the nooks and crannies of North America via the 'blue

highways'; the back roads marked blue on any map.

This book is not for lovers of a clear plot and purpose — it is an observation of American life made with dry humour and incredible insight. It was the amazing truth and clarity of his writing that appealed to me the most — he encounters such a diversity of character, from the quiet faith of a travelling preacher, to the simmering resentment and suspicion of African Americans in still-racially divided Mississippi, and describes them with such insight that the reader is made to feel extreme sympathy and empathy with every one of them.

This book is as essential to the solo traveller as Jack Kerouac's *'On the Road'*.

Rigoletto by Verdi

Sorry to be so uncool as to love opera, but this work is guaranteed to send me around the house, closing all doors, turning up the sound, and warbling to my heart's content. For those who have never had the orgasmic pleasure of listening to this, the story runs as follows. Rigoletto is the 'court jester' of a womanising Duke, and spends his time ridiculing the lovers and fathers of women who have fallen victim to the Duke's charms. However, the tables turn when one particularly taunted and irate father curses Rigoletto to suffer the same torment that a father does when his daughter is used and spurned in such a way. Rigoletto, who in fact does have a beautiful daughter, Gilda, kept cloistered at home, panics that the curse will come true. Meanwhile, the fair Gilda and the Duke

have in fact met in secret, although she believes him to be a poor student. The Duke, realising that she is in fact Rigoletto's daughter decides to kidnap her, partly to satisfy his own desires, but also to slight Rigoletto for fun.

So, she's kidnapped, and when Rigoletto finds out, he begs for her return, which is granted, only to hear from her that she is in love with Duke. Rigoletto tries desperately to convince her of the Duke's sleaze and infidelity, but soon realises the only way she'll see the truth is to witness it with her own eyes.

Enter the baddy — an assassin who uses his sister's charms to lure victims to her bed, and then to kill them. Rigoletto tells the Duke of the lovely dame, and at the Duke's request, sets up a date, and then hides in the background with Gilda, forcing her to see the Duke's indiscretions. She is broken-hearted and agrees to leave town and never see the Duke again. When she departs, Rigoletto pays the assassin to kill the Duke, and arranges to come back at midnight to collect the body and pay up. Unknown to him, Gilda hasn't left town, but has overheard the whole plot, and tries to figure out a way to save her cheating lover. While all of this is transpiring, the duke and the assassin's sister are playing *Hide the Sausage*, accompanied by the duke's singing (the tune is, incidentally, the theme of the Leggo's pasta sauces ad), and the sister realises that she is far too attracted to this man to let him be killed. She appeals to her brother (the

assassin) who agrees to let the Duke live, and instead, kill the next person who knocks at their door, and give their body to Rigoletto to get their reward. Gilda has also overheard this, and decides to sacrifice herself for the Duke, so she knocks at the door, they let her in, kill her and when Rigoletto returns, hand over a body in a sack. After payment is made, Rigoletto crows over the body for a bit and wallows in the satisfaction of revenge, but then, he hears the Duke's voice singing and realises with horror that he has been duped, and the body he has is not the Duke. He opens the sack to reveal his daughter's body, and realises that the curse has worked its evil.

It's about as complicated as they get, but the music is wonderfully original and potent that it illustrates the story to perfection.

Gone With The Wind

This was the original movie length soapie — modern soapies aspire to achieve the heights of scandal that Scarlett O'Hara flounced her way to, but never will. You can either fall about laughing at the dramatics and flirtations of this, or you can sigh the sighs of unrequited love, and simmer under the steaming gaze of Rhett Butler. I prefer the latter options; a symptom of the passionate romantic urges that try and fight their way to the surface around every person I fall in love with. This movie was a classic in its own right — boasting the most comprehensive and expensive action sequence, and also a \$10 000 fine for director David O'Selznick for that famous parting shot "Frankly my dear, I don't give a damn"

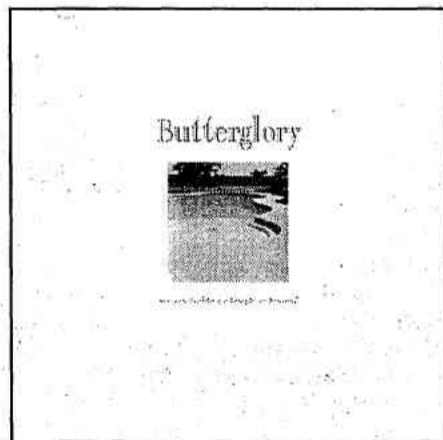
Bianca Nogrady

Butterglory are you building a temple in heaven?

(Merge/Cortex)

Matt Suggs (Tall dude, short haircut, thick rimmed dork glasses) PLUS Debby Vander Wall (Wispily blonde hair, nice smile) = Butterglory. Accused of sounding like Pavement in the past, on their latest album the stamp of Malkmus is evident but not predominating.

For me this album is mixed. The first track, "She Clicks the Sticks", is not too good and "Sit in the Car" makes me cringe every time it comes on. However, "She's got the Akshun!", "Edward Brown" and "You'll Never Be (As Good As That)" are really good. "Are you building a temple..." has far more instrumentation than past efforts which



were more stripped back and folky. The single, "She's Got the Akshun!" is fleshed out with organ, xylophone and that ribbed wooden thing you rub with a stick which sounds like a frog's croak. No really, it sounds cool. Guys?.... Guys?

Hailing from Kansas, the land of not much is happening and 'gee this place is flat', BG have a rough, unmolested approach to recording. This is both cool and honest. They are the sort of band you could imagine playing on a sunny, warm afternoon in an outdoor area. Very much lazy, sitting in the sun thinking type songs.

The artwork on the album consists of stark photos and drawings of swimming pools.

They range from big, indoor swim-meet type pools to sculpted backyard jobs with funky slides, springy diving boards and smooth curves. Just what swimming pools have to do with anything, I don't know. Maybe from living in the midwest, swimming pools represent an oasis from the summer heat ("are you building ..." was recorded in the summer heat of Chicago).

Once you can get past the bad songs on this album, "are you building a temple in heaven" is a good record. If lo-fi college pop is your thing then this will definitely appeal to you. Boiing...WeccSplash.

Phil Hall

Outthere Bros. Party Album

This album features many songs that are plainly offensive. The reason I say this is because the content of the lyrics refers to women's arses and bonking. The sound of the album is utterly happy in a vacuous sort of way. Quite simply this is merely another sad addition to the mountainous pile of crap that record companies feel they are compelled to send to Woroni to review.

Even the highlight of the album, the song *Don't Stop (Wiggle Wiggle)* is a complete disappointment because the lyrics have been toned down. The song now refers to kissing rather than oral sex.

Even the design of the album is objectionable. The cover of the CD features photos of the performers in numerous wanky poses, usually holding basketballs.

All in all, a highly advanced case of the black death would make a better present for a friend than this CD. A good one to miss out on.

Drunken Disgrace

Mark Of Cain LMA

This single features two versions of the title track and a live version of the song *Interloper*. All of these tracks are quite interesting and a little bit different because of the dramatic changes occur in the course of the songs. The first version of LMA moves very suddenly from a very light and airy clean guitar into a more boppy and heavy dirty guitar riff. The same goes for the second version as it is exactly the same as the first except for the fact that it is instrumental. One of the more irritating aspects of the music on this single is that the vocals seem to be sitting very high in the mix. This gives the effect of making the song sound like someone shouting over elevator music.

All in all, it's not something I'd go out and spend money on but as a grungy sort of CD it has quite a lot to offer.

Drunken Disgrace

Kool Kut

The variations of techno keep multiplying like so many rabbits on ecstasy. In an attempt to make some sense of this Columbia/Dance Pool has put a new grading system on the back of its techno CD's. This is actually quite a good idea — score one point for the faceless multinational.

Kool Kut is designated as Euro techno, which has developed quite a good pedigree in the club scene since the days of Electronic and Black Box. The sound is a good solid techno groove with a minimal amount of lyrics from Gangster's Paradise being repeated ad nauseam by the obligatory female vocalist with great voice.

This disc is getting airplay by DJ's at Canberra's techno HQ, Smile, so you will probably be sick of it in a few weeks anyway. It seems the techno release takes a back seat to the DJ's that play it in clubs, so in that vein it is hard to take Kool Kut for more than it is: one more expendable piece of music with a shelf life of about 3 weeks max.

woroni

**limerick
competition**

**Congratulations to the
following lucky winners;**

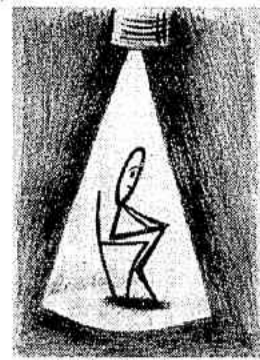
**Linda McCann
Jane Gould
Rory Ewins
Matthew Koen**

judge's favourite

**Men From Sony Music Australia
Who have oversized genitalia,
Find putting on frocks,
and flopping out cocks,
is excellent fun, inter alia.
Matthew Koen.**

**All winners can collect their
prizes from the Woroni Office.**

Birdseed — Infecting the World



I thought I'd be cute and chuck little rocks at Andy Cassell's window instead of knocking. I hadn't really grasped the concept of how 'little' rocks used for this purpose should be and I smashed his front window.

From inside came a muffled, "what the fuck is going on?". I went to the front door and he opened it in the middle of an abusive sentence, I only caught the last half of it but it had something to do with my mother and some hamsters encased in condoms. I'm not flustered by this sort of guff, musicians are a temperamental lot and I'm used to dealing with them.

"Look bub", I explained, "I'm from the press and I could squash you like a bug if I could be fucked, so don't piss me off."

He recognised the truth of my words and let me in muttering obscenities under his breath. "Don't worry about the window, Woroni will take care of it", I soothingly reassured. He grabbed the Olympus from around my neck and smashed it on the ground, "will they take care of that too?"

"Yeah, I s'pose... have you got any smokes?"

My vision for the interview was to do it on a Monday night while watching the English Soccer. I mean, it would give us something to talk about other than Birdseed and all its permutations... that can be so tedious. Anyway, the Soccer was only relegation games, losers fighting a losing battle - so we were about as animated as dead fish while the game was on.

So much for that idea.

The interview was going nowhere fast so I went to the last resort, and pulled out a bag of white to smooth things along. Andrews eyes bugged out at the coke, "that looks like two grams, where did you get it?". "Woroni likes to take care of me".

We spent most of the night talking the inevitable band crap. Birdseed started in 1993 and had their first gig five months later in August of that year. Andy had been in London working at an acid jazz cafe and wanted to bring that influence to a band on his return to Canberra. It is the first band Andrew and the original guitarist Johnno had ever been in, while the bass player and Mike Anderson (drummer) had both been in bands before.

There have been several lineup changes up till now, and thank God because they used to suck. Now Andrew does his best to hide behind the more talented members of the band, and the result is actually quite bearable.

Acid Jazz is a nebulous concept but it includes the early seventies funk... "Curtis Mayfield and early Cop show stuff"... that the band is influenced by and tries to work towards. But lately with the lineup, changes there has been a conscious melding of the funk sound with a more pop element. When I noted that this was "to make it more Triple J friendly" Andy took a swing at me. But he is obviously not used to large quantities of

high grade snort, and his punch lacked any venom. I parried it easily and countered with a jab to his rib cage. While he was on the ground clutching his newly broken ribs and vomiting I reminded him, "I'm from the press bub, don't piss me off. Now answer the fucking question, are you cowards sucking up to those dog fucking freaks at Triple J or what?"

He weakly responded, "yeah OK, its important to have something that's hooky, alright? But I still want the band to have particular character by coming up with music that is unique to Birdseed."

When people started ringing Triple J asking about their song "Christopher" a few months ago it had a mixed affect on Andy. "It felt really good but at the same time it was a song that was not indicative of our sound, so I kind of wish they had picked up on something else to plug." "I could have told you that man, they're child molesting aliens and they have to be stopped, you should have nothing to do with them. The familiar glint in Andy's eye told me he acknowledged the truth of my words, but he's a smart boy and not even a rabid journalist can stop him getting cosy with those mutants... they will make him a fucking star."

But Andy's whoring doesn't stop at Australian Government run radio stations, the band is on the verge of signing to a big "independent" label rumoured to have high

level links with the CIA. This deal should see the scourge of Birdseed infect most of the countries in the world worth infecting. The original CD that Birdseed organised themselves sold out, so it is being re-pressed and spiced up for the world market.

One of Andy's main goals in life is to be one of those eternally irritating people who say, "I do what I love for a living". I took great offence at this, I knew what he was getting at... journalism is a crummy game and I'm not even making a living out of it! I remembered the tender spot I had given him earlier and landed a viscous blow on it that sent him reeling from the couch and smashing into the glass coffee table. He lay in the broken glass coughing up blood and cursing my name, my mother (again) and my first born. I grabbed what was left of the coke and his cigarettes and made for the door, stepping on his fingers along the way.

Fucking musicians, God how they irritate the ever-living shit out of me. I made a mental note to tell Woroni to start giving me some worthwhile assignments as I picked up a handful of rocks and proceeded to smash the rest of Mr. Cassell's windows, slash the tyres on his piece of shit car and kill his cat.

Christ

The editors of Woroni do not condone vandalism, violence against animals or drug use, unless it means we get the story before Who Magazine does

Girls Against Boys

House of GVSB

Disturbed, slanted and fractured are the words which come to mind in describing the latest offering from Girls Against Boys. Combining the bass heavy sound of The Jesus Lizard with the guitar squalls and mayhem of Sonic Youth and lyrics like "When the pressure hits/See it on your lips Baby/Trip Baby/Trip Baby/Trick Baby/Trick", a volatile mix is the result.

Coming from New York, GVSB convey the madness of the city with all of its harsh industrial sounds and moods. The New York of GVSB is not upper East Side Manhattan, the rough underbelly of the city is what is described here. Melody is kept to a minimum and it would be hard to find a singalong number here. You get the feeling that GVSB

would rather break up than write something remotely resembling pop. Cute music this is not but at the same time it has a heavy character which is strangely elusive.

"TheKindaMzkYouLike" is a strange addition with an intro provided by a pissy Casio drum machine and the dark, A-tonal "Another Drone in My Head" is very SY and is very good. "Cash Machine" provides a good example of the skewed lyrics of frontman Scott McCloud; "Transfixed, silvertone Dream/C'mon cash machine/Way inside the dream/C'mon cash machine". It is probably best not to try and decipher these lyrics for fear of entering their scary world and having your marbles rattled.

Compared to the CD's I have been

listening to recently, the darkness of "The House of GVSB" is highlighted even more. For me, heavy music can get tedious and repetitive very quickly. GVSB produce a sound however, that has considerable depth and is very challenging to listen to. Their dense sound has many layers and camouflaged pockets of sound to encourage the listener to go deeper into the music. Instead of taking the songs on face value and just listening to them as an even mix of instruments, GVSB encourages you to follow the wanderings of certain instruments down into the skeleton of each song.

"The House of GVSB" is a great record to wrap your mind around.

Phil Hall



The Prodigy

Firestarter

A strange thing happened to the office goth today. He visited the *Woroni* office, picked up a CD single by techno act the Prodigy (not normally regarded as a gothic act of renown), and liked it.

Actually, that might not be such a strange thing. *Firestarter* is exactly the sort of music which might force even the most hardened office goth to venture outside the boundaries of his subculture. In short, this single is far more than the average techno trash which is so often peddled by the record companies, and avoids the temptations of both teeny-bopper vacuity and clichéd techno stupidity.

There are three mixes of *Firestarter* on the CD single: an edit, the Empirion Mix and an instrumental version, as well as a fourth track, *Molotov Bitch*. All have a quite



aggressive feel and share many Prodigy trademarks: slightly husky vocals, a very boomy reverberant bass drum sound and all the weird electronic sounds for which one

could possible pine. For the office goth's money, easily the best of the three versions is the 7 minute 50 second Empirion Mix. This remix slowly builds up to full pace over a couple of minutes after beginning with a series of almost industrial electronic sounds layered over one another. It is admirable for the fact that it demands the listener's interest for all of its near eight minute duration.

The originality and flawless execution of *Firestarter* make it well worth a listen, and certainly worthy of the attention which it has been receiving from Triple J and around town.

Office Goth

Lotion

Nobody's Cool

New York City. It's got it all. History, size, charisma, colour and great music. From the city which has spawned the likes of Sonic Youth, The Ramones, The Velvet Underground and The Beastie Boys, to name very few, comes Lotion, a four piece guitar band. Sound special? On paper, probably not. Listen to their latest record "Nobody's Cool", and you will hear REM jamming with Buffalo Tom while Sloan drop by for a cup of tea and Bob Mould shouts from the loo that they have run out of toilet paper. Quite a formidable line-up of North American guitar reference points.

Whenever I hear the word "lotion", it reminds me of calomine lotion; that runny pink stuff you dab on insect bites, poison ivy

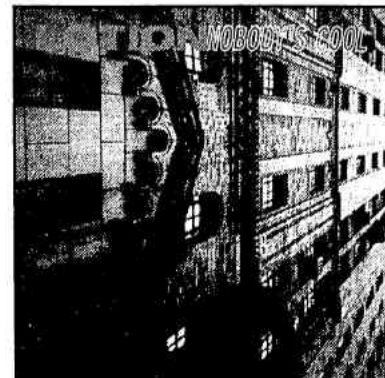
rashes and the like. I'm not sure what sort of complaints "Nobody's Cool" would soothe and it is unclear whether it would be sold

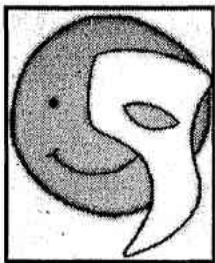
over the counter or be available on prescription only, but what is certain is that Lotion is a band that is poking its head above the mass of bands that have similar reference points.

The songs range from measured agro rockera to jangle-pop excursions all of which are impassioned but at the same time relatively warm and uplifting. Lotion's strength is definitely in the mellow, moody songs. The jazz/pop of "Rock Chick" is

an instant dance-around-your-bedroom song and "Namedropper" is a superbly balanced piece. "Switch", "The Sad Part" and "Blind for Now" are further evidence of the strength of this album. The good songs are so good that the less agreeable ones don't tarnish their shine. A fine effort.

Phil Hall





onstage ENTERTAINMENT

Tapping a New Market

What would you say to six Aussie guys wearing Blundstone boots and jeans, tap dancing around a stage? Both unlikely and more than a little bit ridiculous. But this is the perfect description of Australia's latest international theatrical hit- Dein Perry's Tap Dogs. This unique company is the brainchild of Hot Shoe Shuffle choreographer Dein Perry who several years ago, interested in bringing a heavier, nineties feel to tap dancing, began experimenting with the blokes around the traps. In January '95 Tap Dogs made their debut to

rave reviews and sell out performances. Since then they have gone on to successful tours of both Australia and the UK, won Dein Perry his second UK Olivier Award for Best Choreography and, due to the demand for their work, spawned a second company led by Dein's brother Sheldon. It is this 'new' group of Dogs which recently did seven shows in Canberra as part of an Australia wide tour.

Throughout their existence a great deal of hype has been attached to the Tap Dogs. This is due less to the rather

dubious honour of being Australia's only tap dancing company than to the unusual style of tap they perform. It must be pointed out, this is no ordinary dance performance. In fact, it's totally different from anything you're likely to have seen before. These guys haven't just put on boots and flannies and done their best Shirley Temple impersonation. As one reviewer points out, this isn't 'tap dancing', its 'bash the boards out of the bloody stage and make a goddamn row

just for the hell of it dancing'. This is 'real man's' tap, full of testosterone and macho as can be. The way these guys dance can't be good for either their feet or the audience's eardrums, but nobody seems to care.

All this may sound a bit on the tacky side. And it's true, sometimes they do threaten to step over this oh-so-important line. However, something about the performance stops this from ever truly happening. It may be the accompanying musicians, Peter Neville and Steve Falk, who at choice moments spice up the show with either percussion or instruments that compliment the Dog's rhythms perfectly. Another major plus is the set, which is simple but effective, allowing the dancers many different levels and surfaces on which to ply their trade. The Dogs themselves, with a little help from a few stagehands, move the set around whilst the performance continues, creating at least half a dozen different scenes from the one basic outfit. Perhaps it is the casual atmosphere of the whole show, which not only allows but encourages a bit of healthy humour, which keeps them on the side of taste. Perhaps it is the honest enthusiasm and enjoyment the guys somehow manage to keep up throughout the performance, never once missing a beat despite having done exactly the same thing every night for weeks on end.

But I choose to believe that their popularity is due to their talent. Even from a dance point of view, these guys are fabulous. Their real talent lies in the new breath they have managed to bring to a dance form which was dying out due to a lack of innovation. They tap on wood, steel, ladders, drums, the ceiling and, you guessed it, even water (a word to the wise- avoid the front row). But even if you've never heard of 42nd Street, couldn't care less about Fred Astaire and have never been to a dance performance in your life, you can still love the Tap Dogs. They have tried and succeed in creating a dance performance which will appeal to almost anyone, no matter their prejudices and background. There is no plot, no singing, barely a word spoken, save the comments the Dogs make to each other and the audience as they dance. The show consists entirely of six guys tap dancing. But there is nothing else needed, as the immediate applause and three encores of the performance I was at showed. This is crowd pleasing stuff, a genuine all-round performance. As the guy sitting behind me was heard to say- 'This isn't dance, Mum, it's popular culture.'

If these guys are any indication, Australian dance has some interesting and entertaining times ahead. As for the future of the Tap Dogs? Tours of Europe, America and Japan are all in the pipeline, but what these will hold, who knows? All I can tell you is that, judging by the cries of 'Gee, it was good' heard throughout the audience after the performance I attended, it will probably please just about everybody.

Jessica Coates



12 Monkeys

Greater Union Cinema

It's interesting how so many films seem to dwell on the notion of a post-apocalyptic world, where the former occupants, namely us, have been wiped of the face of the Earth, by our own evil and rotten acts. Invariably, the few remaining humans dream of a time when they can once again walk the Earth and rule it as before, instead of crawling in squalor and misery below its surface, like cursed worms.

Twelve Monkeys cashes in on this obviously lucrative theme, but adds its own devious twists and turns, leaving you wondering who is mad, who is real, what is real, and how the hell Brad Pitt can play such a convincing lunatic.

Bruce Willis, always true to form, plays the gruff, bald, cynical convict James Cole who is:

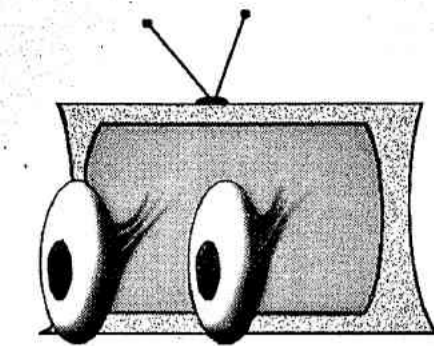


a) one jelly flavour short of a trifle, and firmly believes he is sent from the future to save mankind from destruction from a virus about to invade the population

OR

b) a convicted murderer, sent from the future on a mission to locate the original form of a virus which will wipe out mankind, in order to develop antibodies before the virus mutates.

No matter how closely you observe the characters in this very cunning and devious film, it is difficult to assess what is reality, especially with the extraordinary performance from Brad Pitt, proving he's not just a pretty face, with lots of money. His role in the film is as ambiguous as that of Bruce Willis, but one of the few certainties in this film is that he is most definitely out of his tree. To add to the



confusion, he is presented in the first part of the film as one of the more excitable inmates of a lunatic asylum (in the 'present'), but in the second part, he appears in tuxedo as the son of a rich and influential scientist, who tolerates his offspring's eccentricities in the home. Debate has raged over the significance of the end of the film - one downfall is that the ending can have be interpreted in a number of ways, and you are left wondering if humankind was actually saved ... or even if they were ever in any danger at all.

To say anymore about the plot would be to give away its darkest and most cleverly designed secrets. so if your curiosity has been aroused, visit the zoo for yourself

Bianca



Cosi

Greater Union

Directed by Mark Joffe; Screenplay by Louis Nowra; Starring Ben Mendelsohn, Barry Otto and Toni Collette.

Greater Union, Manuka

A film which bears the names of the Weinstein brothers as executive producers must display enormous potential for being both a critical and box-office success. Bob and Harvey Weinstein are the helmsmen of Miramax, the production company which propelled the breakthrough of *The Crying Game* and *Pulp Fiction*, art-house films which became mainstream hits. *Cosi* is the first Australian project which they have endorsed and the hope is that this film too will be touched with the Miramax magic. It is not. Although *Cosi* is an entertaining and endearing yarn, it does not have enough innovative flair to capture imaginations and attention.

Set in a Sydney mental institution, the story shows a university drop-out attempting to direct a production of Mozart's opera *Così fan tutte* with a cast of mental patients who can neither sing or speak Italian, let alone act. What they don't have in talent, they all eventually make up for in enthusiasm. *Cosi* is a warm and fuzzy film in the mould of *Strictly Ballroom* where the moral is to always follow your heart and not your reason. For the characters in *Cosi*, this was always an easy motto to follow for they are all heart and no reason.

The humour in *Cosi*, and there is much of it, is generated from the characters of the mental patients and their situation. It is extremely dry and spiked with barbs of bitter insight. This film is refreshingly politically incorrect. The humour is used cleverly to

deepen characterisation and the audience's familiarity with the patients as individuals, and ultimately as friends. The patients' triumph in pulling their outrageous ambition off is just as rewarding for the cinema audience as it is for the fictional performers, but the real joy of the film is in getting to know these people.

In bringing Louis Nowra's script alive, director Mark Joffe (*Spotswood*) has brought together a wonderfully balanced ensemble which reads like a who's who of Australian talent. It stars Ben Mendelsohn, Barry Otto, Toni Collette, Aden Young, Rachel Griffiths, Jacki Weaver, Paul Chubb and Colin Friels. One gets the feeling that Bill Hunter will appear on screen at any moment. He never does. There is however, a cavalcade of comic cameos in an early scene where roles for the

as yet unnamed production are auditioned.

The cast is the film's strongest feature, and Nowra's multilayered script works so well because of their ability. David Wenham's dirty sex talking pyromaniac was the favourite madman of this reviewer. His performance is especially outstanding. Toni Collette shows that, like her junkie character, she has considerable hidden talents as a singer. For all its virtues though, not least being Colin Hay, the lead singer of Men at Work, playing Wagner's *Ride of the Valkyries* on a piano accordion, *Cosi* fails to be as exhilarating as promised. It is a quietly enjoyable tale which is probably too understated for its own good.

Michelle Cooper



Persuasion

Electric Shadows

Amidst the Jane Austen revival that currently beckons from both the television series *Pride and Prejudice* and the cinema's *Sense and Sensibility* comes the last of Austen's novels *Persuasion*. Melodrama, melancholy and a good dosage of all sorts of water are the suggestions of the day in this film of English society celebrating one of its most constrained periods of romantic expression. The film whilst at times cleverly portraying character and situation, often fails to bring to life the atmosphere and brilliant dialogue that is found in reading the novel. Visual beauty in scenery at times left characters too alone and unamusing in their various forms of Austian beauty or insipidness, leaving the audience truly under-entertained and creating more of a stage play than an epic and clever adaptation.

Misery is the persuaded Anne Elliot, as she stares rather pale out of water dappled

windows at the films entrance. As years before she was convinced not to marry a young Captain Wentworth, as he lacked suitable upper class refinement and had neither wealth or name to recommend him, just penniless love. Director Roger Michell has chosen his Anne Elliot perfectly, as she is the pearl of disillusionment and slowly awakened hope, leaving the audience quite in a wonder as they analyse what beauty may hide behind a face so often cast in sorrow. The Elliots and cousins meander about the brilliant Wentworth and leave Anne out as an old maid good for nothing but caring for sickly children. Young ditzy women are strewn in Wentworth's path and it is only chance that leads him away and back towards Anne. Yet Anne now has a young and appealing heir apparent in the form of Mr Elliot after her, and it is only through her

love of people, and her not forsaking those in the lower class that she is able to see the truth through all the mayhem. Mrs Smith as the key lower class friend, with a gossip of a nurse, lighten the film and add just the touch of realistic charm the film essentially lacks. The coldness or stage-like feeling the film has is most apparent in its elaborate sets scattered with the coldest of Victorian characters, whilst stunning to look upon, such scenes removed the human essence from characters.

Whilst the film is imperfect, the story is still brilliant, fully expressing the virtues of independence and the awkward position of women in the nineteenth century. More confusion and simple misunderstanding was never created by so much silence, as entails in this story. For it is the unspoken and faltering love of ever confused and sorrowful Anne

and Captain Wentworth's shinning pride that the audience wishes to unite amongst the incredible foppery that ties itself about this couple. A couple who eventually through much juggling from ill-suitors to ill-suitors sails off into a sunset.

Persuasion has been loved by many good film reviews and critics, as well as the public, so do not be perturbed by what may be youthful snubbery of the too modern and already wistfully read kind. For even though I was unconvinced by this recreation, many seem to have found the story powerfully adapted to film.

Robert Umphelby



★★★★★ -Stunning ★★★★ -Very special
 ★★★ -Average ★★ -Poor, Forget It
 ★ -Abysmal

T.V, A Most Intriguing Paradox

Why do people watch the crap they do? This is not just a casual inquiry, but a serious question as to the state of modern society. I mean, take a look at the most popular shows on TV today. The X-Files, The Simpsons and Bananas in Pyjamas are the only oases among Canberra's top rating shows, surrounded on all sides by shows like Weddings, The Nanny and Home and Away. What's really sad is that this isn't just a local phenomenon — after all, we're a political town, we can blame such transgressions on the politicians. But no, it seems to infect the whole world. Baywatch is, according to its own claims, the top rater in the world. Surely this cannot be true. Even scarier is Europe's apparent obsession with Australian soaps that are at least a decade old — some Crawford production I'm too young to remember the name of was the top rater in several European countries last year. It's almost relieving to see that sport still rates well here — at least this is a national weakness with a certain amount of tradition and even pride supporting it.

So we return to the original question —

why do we do this to ourselves? The success of the Aaron Spelling-Beverly Hills dynasty is a riddle which deserves a place up there with the origins of the pyramids, the nature of dark matter and the reasoning behind stiletto heels. But no matter what we say, we're all guilty of some transgression or another. The ratings don't lie, and despite everyone's verbal condemnations of it last year, Lois and Clark still managed to rate third in the ACT. You've got to love the conversations which start with 'God I hate [fill in the blank]. It's such a bad show. Did you see last night's episode?' or perhaps even better is the 'I never watch the show, but as I was changing channels...' Furthermore, not only are these shows rating well, they're developing cult followings. There are regular Melrose parties across the nation, Fran Drescher look-a-like dolls and the first season of Lois and Clark is now available on video.

As for the reason behind all this, here are some explanations I could come up with (I tend to discount suggestions 7 and 11 as highly improbable):

- They make us appreciate our own lives.

These shows may make our lives look dull, but aren't we all glad?

- Some unexplainable, inner need in all human kind to gloat over the ridiculous.
- It's the masochist in each of us coming out- we really want to make ourselves suffer.
- The increase in radio and television signals in the atmosphere in recent years is adversely affecting the reason centres of our brains.
- It's an evil conspiracy involving the US government and aliens. Included in each news bulletin are subliminal messages forcing us to watch these shows, eat at McDonald's and vote Liberal.
- It's all a mass, self perpetuating form of peer pressure. We all sit down at night thinking 'If I don't watch Melrose tonight, what will I have to talk about in my tutorial tomorrow?'
- We're not actually watching them for entertainment value. Rather, we are all conducting sociological research, sitting down and asking 'Why does everyone else watch this crap?'

- After a hard day in the real world this is all our poor minds can cope with.
- After a hard day in the real world, we're all too exhausted to pick up the remote and change the channel.
- We're all too butt lazy to find the remote in the first place, and walking all the way to the TV just to change the channel is totally out of the question.
- We actually enjoy this trash.

No matter the reason, we must all admit that this is a sociological fact which no one can do anything about. And all evidence seems to indicate that things are getting worse. There are more lifestyle programs, more American 'action' and 'comedy' series and, heaven forbid, more 'real life drama' programs scheduled to be released this year. I say we take a deep breath, kiss our families good bye and embrace with as little revulsion as possible what passes for popular culture today. After all, it's easier than finding the remote.

Jessica Coates

Queer Film And Video Festival

Thurs 18 to Sun 21 April

At last Canberra has caught up with the rest of the country and decided to host its own queer film festival. Electric Shadows has teamed up with the Sexuality Department to present this long awaited event in the nation's capital. The festival will run over four days and screen many culturally diverse films from all around the world. The importance of this event need hardly be emphasised enough. Aside from giving an insight into queer sensibilities and lifestyles which members of the gay community of Canberra will relish, it is also an important opportunity for all filmgoers who want to experience something beyond the archetypes mainstream Hollywood throws at us. Here are films which do not delicately shy away from same-sex coupling, or portray it as taboo. They range from short, comical pieces to feature length docu-dramas. Here are details of some of the films to be shown

A Few Good Ken

NZ 5 mins
A witty homage to Todd Haynes, "Superstar", this short uses two Ken Dolls that bear a remarkable likeness to two lead characters in 90210. They meet, fall in love and get married in the campiest wedding ceremony out. Not a Barbie in sight, although some of her frocks are made good use of!

Chicks in White Satin

USA 20mins
Nominated for an Academy Award for Best Short Film in 1993, this film packs a feature length's worth of drama and comedy into a sparkling 20 mins. It documents the formal Jewish wedding of two San Diego

women, and the reverberations among each of the families, at the same time incorporating a sly critique of the traditional trappings of nuptials, straight or gay. Tensions mount amongst the families until the wedding day, when a miraculous transformation takes place

and the previously alienated mothers of the two brides waltz together on the dance floor. A real treat from a director who is currently working on a feature length version of Rita May Brown's "Ruby Fruit Jungle"

My Brother The Queer
AUST 2min 30secs
What would happen if you kept dressing your little brother in dresses; popping him in the oven, the recycle bin, anything to turn him into a girl? Find out in this wacky little suburban tale.

To Die For

U.K 102mins
Released in America as 'Heaven's a Drag', this film does not star Nicole Kidman, and has much in common with Truly Madly Deeply. It is the story of the relationship between Simon, a hunky TV repair man, and Mark, an HIV positive drag queen. The expressive, sensitive, witty and very camp Mark does not let a small event such as death separate him from his laconic boyfriend who attempts to escape from the serious issue of life via a hedonistic lifestyle. This well filmed British production combines witty and comic portrayals of gay life with more serious underlying issues and incidentally has a great soundtrack. Audiences guaranteed to laugh, cry and love it.

Yep just a few of the fabulous films to be shown exclusively in Canberra. So people don't miss this one for a truly explosive cinematic experience.

Programs will be available from all trendy

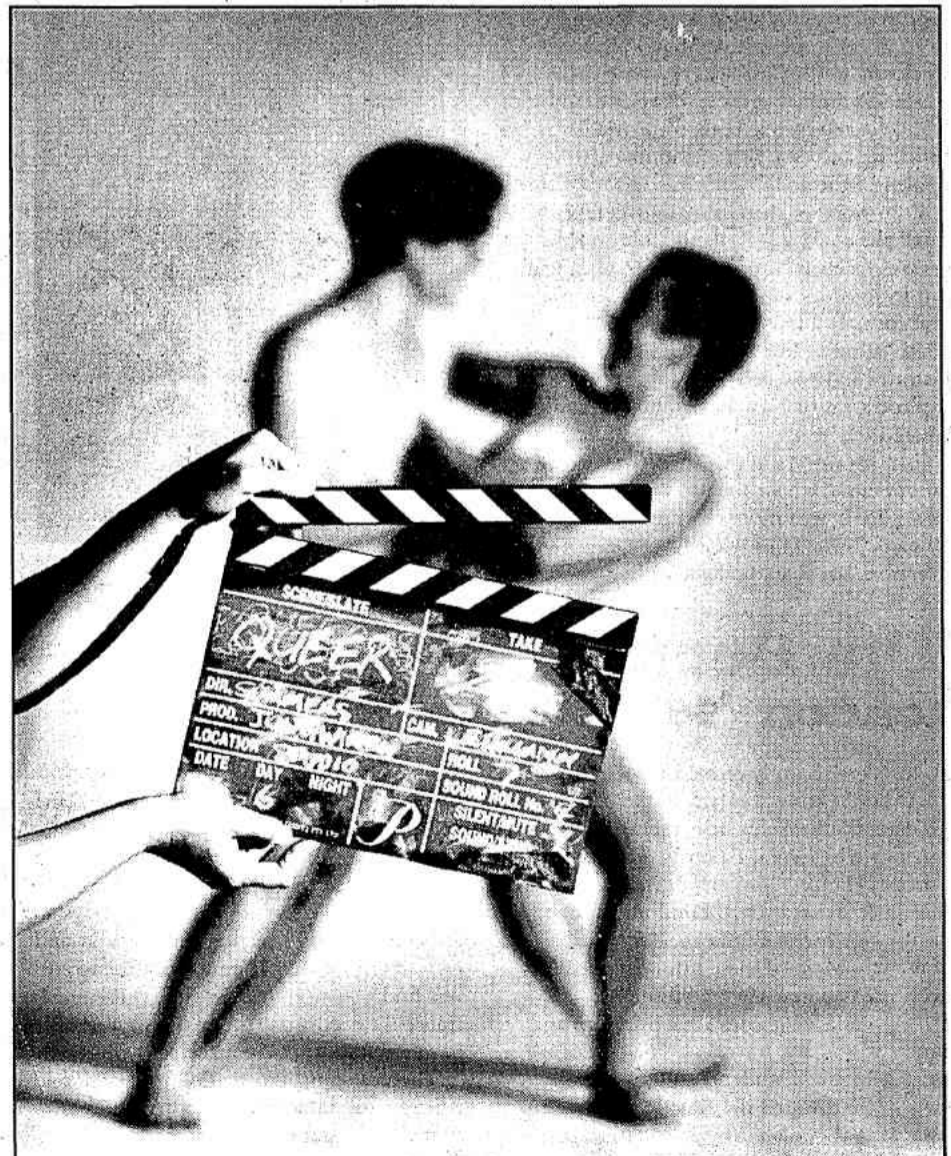
cafs and local Canberra businesses- so look out for them next week. Details of all films and prices of tickets contained in the program or phone Electric Shadows on 248 0851.

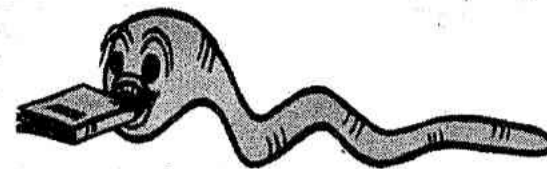
Film Festival Competition

Just a reminder to local filmmakers hoping to win \$1000 prizemoney in the festival

competition — your entries must be in by Monday 15th April and must contain a gay, lesbian, bisexual, or transsexual theme or character however slight. It can be submitted on any format and be any length from 2 to 102 mins. Note it will be screened at the end of the festival. Good Luck Spielbergs!

Anna





Owen Trembath Stay Out Of Trouble

It's not a pretty thought — a single phrase that means trouble, big trouble, big fucking trouble:

"You are under arrest. Could you come with me sir."

Spoken by an officer of the law it is an introduction to a world that most of us have no wish to come near, that of jail cells, interviews, judges, lawyers and inevitably money — lots of it going from us to them. Not to mention lots of sitting around in confined spaces with big smelly biker dudes. Having been in this situation all too recently all I can say is I wish I'd read this book first. Not being a law student I had little idea as to the exact process of the Law — aside from watching a million episodes of "Hill Street Blues" while in nappies, and so I was a little vague about the exact details of who was meant to do what to and for me, not to mention my exact rights (they do *not* have to tell them to you, it's not TV land). Not to say that better informed I would have been any less stupid, but I would have had a better idea about the options open to me and what I could expect. Mind you, I don't think quoting JJJ as an authoritative source of legal advice will not go down that well with the boys in blue.

So in "Stay out of Trouble" Owen

Trembath (the JJJ law jockey) has written a book about which he says "... there are so many laws that you can't possibly know them all (though the law presumes you do), so legal hassles are almost inevitable for any of us. And many people are already having the problem before they realise it, meaning there may not be time to find a lawyer let alone figure out what to do."

He covers (or skims over, this isn't a 5000 page textbook, but a paperback book of advice) where our law comes from, who gets to wear wigs, the things that happen (and could happen) when you get arrested and go to court, civil and criminal cases and who pays what in a car accident. He attempts to give you enough info to decide whether to defend yourself or shell out for a lawyer something we don't often consider. The lifestyle section (sex, drugs and rock and roll basically) is amusing — a suitably boring definition of sex is followed by some sordid tales — when talking about S&M he quotes from a case in the U.K. (*R. v Brown [1992] 2 All ER 552*) where the judge found that S&M was criminal assault — consent didn't matter (they had lots of videos showing horrific things being done/to a whole group of people) basically (in the eyes of the judge) that "... the satisfying of sado-masochistic

libido does not come within the category of good reason..." I'll keep that in mind:

Having recently also been the victim of credit card fraud (trust me — it hasn't been a good year), I wish I'd read this section beforehand as well. I also found that the will I made was pretty much invalid — my nefarious sister could have taken all of my million dollar estate for herself. Amongst the million other details are sections on skateboards, renting and what you're liable for if your housemate skips out leaving you with a thousand dollar phone bill. This is a book I stayed up all night to read — once I started I got scared about what evil things could happen to me if I didn't know the basics.

Then there's the keep you interested stuff — what, exactly, is *Mabo*? Did you know that blasphemy is still illegal? That Australia still has capital punishment (for treason), and that it is illegal not to provide a wife, child or servant with food? This is the section that (along with everything else) I wish had been expanded as it makes us realise what a weird and illogical thing the law really is. None the less — for the majority of us who really (despite our claims) have no idea this is a book to get, read and use it to *Stay out of Trouble*.

Nigel Snoad

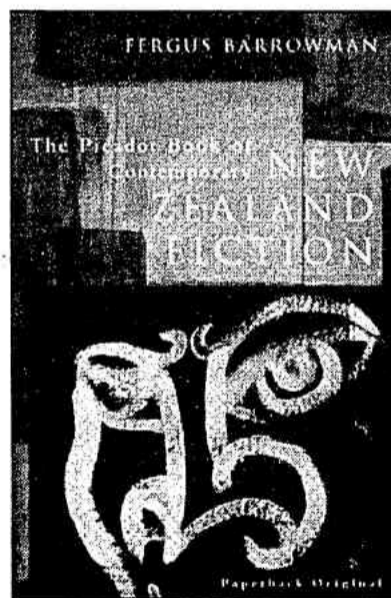


The Picador Book Of N.Z Contemporary Fiction

The creative and dynamic energy of New Zealand's literary expression has been captured, story by story, in this moving portrait of her people, land and history. Enclosed are the last fifteen years of New Zealand's literary growth, cleverly examined and collected in this book to provide a touching and vital first encounter with New Zealand fiction.

Each story or chapter of a novel takes a small piece of New Zealand and extracts various forms of text from it, not plain text but living stories in which the reader may visit for only a few pages but cross Maori and white cultures, live before and beyond these histories and people's imaginations and explore areas of New Zealand living and created.

Famous writers in this anthology include Janet Frame, whose life was told in *An Angel at my Table*, and more recently if less known by name, Alan Duff who wrote *Once Were Warriors*, last years brilliant and unforgetta-



ble film classic. Both of these writers extracts, respectively, pervade the 1970s and 1990s feelings of hardship and social upheaval. First with a white urban class perspective of an insulation salesman and his customer coming to the conclusion they both must support and believe in the other to exist for tomorrow and then of the Maori internal destruction amidst the confusing gap between modern and ancient society, where tomorrow is so hard to straighten out it flies like a fist.

The contents of this book offers an understanding and a clever examination of human growth at all levels of a society. *The Dreamtime* deals with the history and madness that were the times of Maori-English conflict, whilst *Toko* and *Te Tohunga Makutu* offer new and old insight into the Maori childhood and the importance of animism in oral tradition and creation of a cultural vision. *The Balloonfish and the*

Armadillo was one of the best stories, enticing the reader into a personal battle with a past and current life which is slowly released with the burning of the possessions of a previous generation. Each writer deserves a good write-up, as none faltered to bring to life text from a perpetually moving and essentially forgetful culture, for what is not written of any culture by its people will often be forgotten and unenjoyed by the future.

All of the authors in this anthology also entail extra reading, as the reader will often find themselves looking to the end, where writer's biographies and list of other works resides and wish to read on and on. This book like so many other story collections is an important and powerful icon of cultural vision and actuality, and this book leaves New Zealand highly recommended on any reader's list.

Robert Umphelby

The Berkeley Guides London '96

Fodor's has recently created a new series of travel books known as 'the Berkeley guides'. To date, the Berkeley titles include Central America, California, Eastern Europe, Europe, France, Germany & Austria, Great Britain & Ireland, Italy, London, Mexico, Pacific Northwest & Alaska, Paris, San Francisco. Most of these titles have recently been released in a 1996 edition.

The Berkeley guides are written by, and aimed at, student travellers. The guides are written by UCB students and, as a result, have a bias towards the American market. That said, they also provide facilities specifi-

cally for Australians, Canadians, New Zealanders, the mobility-impaired, lesbians and gays. The guide lists sources of information (publications and organisations) that are particularly suitable for gays and lesbians, women and the mobility-impaired. Gays and lesbians will find a section that lists gay and lesbian nightspots. The mobility-impaired will find a section that focuses on their transport needs, and the places of interest all have a note if they are wheelchair accessible.

There is some information particular to Australians, namely information about the best ways to get to London from Australia,

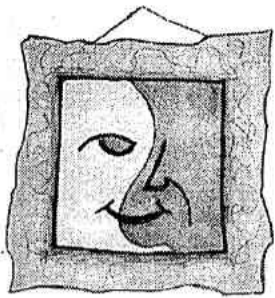
information about British travel organisations in Australia and information about passports (how to apply and what to do when you lose it).

The London-specific section is divided into two parts. There is a short calendar of annual London events and an extremely extensive list of things to see. This list starts with the centre of London and works outwards, neighbourhood by neighbourhood. Each neighbourhood has a good, clear map and comprehensively covers the points of interest. The guide is a concise reference of all of the major points of interest (eg. I

have been to the Tower of London but it wasn't until I read the guide that I realised that the headless skeleton of Anne Boleyn is housed in the Tower).

London '96 concludes with a characteristically thorough listing of places to eat, sleep, drink and shop before suggesting some side trips that can be made from London (Oxford, Stratford-Upon-Avon, Cambridge, Canterbury, Brighton and Bath). It is an extremely comprehensive reference for student travellers to London and provides a good guide of what is worth seeing and doing.

The Campus Eye



Turner Exhibition National Gallery of Australia 16 March to 10 June 1996

By the time Nietzsche rudely mentioned that God was dead, Romanticism as a movement was itself dying a slow death of small landscapes in drawing rooms and Byronic hero-worship. At its peak though, it was an all embracing artistic force, with J. M. W. Turner at its heart in painting, and Shelley, Coleridge and Byron symbolising its poetic expression. Turner seemed to have understood this unity, as he was fond of attaching lines of Byron in particular to his paintings, and intended them to be interpreted together. To accompany later works he even composed quite awful verses of his own (when the art historian Kenneth Clark wrote "Bad poetry, good pictures", he was being too polite).

It is a pity Turner felt such adornments necessary, for his art is strong enough to stand alone, and defined the Romantic age. His earliest paintings have as a common theme ruined castles in wild and dramatic landscapes. The exhibition begins with exquisite sketches, and a full canvas work, of Dunstanborough Castle in Northumberland. Turner completed his major paintings from detailed sketchings made on the spot, or his own extraordi-

nary memory for colour and images. One of the instantly appealing pictures in the exhibition, *A First Rate taking in Stores* (1818), was, according to Walter Fawkes (Turner's patron), finished in the time between breakfast and lunch, to quickly demonstrate to his son the dimensions of a man-of-war, the ship's complex rigging recalled effortlessly from memory.

Even before lunch time 1818, Turner's other works were showing an increasing fascination with maritime subjects, especially those involving clouds and storms. He was the first painter to seriously attempt to convey the ferocity and drama of storms, both at sea, and on the coast. Shipwrecks were another favourite subject for Romantic art, French painters Delacroix and Gericault had both treated them in famous pictures of the time. English critics were not so appreciative of the expressive qualities of the sea though. Of *Fishermen upon a Lee Shore in Squally Weather* (1802), one commented: "the water lacks transparency", while the waves apparently appeared: "too chalky". Less than devastated by such insightful criticism, Turner continued his exuberant

treatment of light and colour. The influence of Rembrandt's dark pessimism and shadow-laden portraits diminishes in Turner's later Venetian pictures. Instead there is the opposite, a celebration of light, an expression of faith in it that goes some way to crediting the accuracy of his last words (and answer to Nietzsche): "the sun is God!"

Perhaps the best example of this is in his painting *Fort Vimioux* (1831). Turner presented it as an historical work, recording the running aground of a British cruiser within the range of French coastal defences in the Napoleonic wars as fact. No one can find any similar incident from the time, but if it didn't happen, it ought to have. Using tonal shades of yellow and orange, Turner creates the scene at sunset perfectly. This and other works have been recognised as an anticipation of a revolutionary new conception of light at the turn of the century, Impressionism. It is a more generous view of his talent that some have been prepared to take. Turner, with his interests in inventions and technological change, steamboats and railways in particular, has occasionally

been hailed as a proto-Marxist commentator on the industrial revolution. Ultimately he will outlive such fashions, he is too great a painter to be presented, or need to be presented, as an ideological figure.

When the British Houses of Commons and Lords burnt down on October 16, 1839, Turner, like the rest of London, stood along the banks of the Thames for a glimpse at the spectacular blaze. Whether he got any satisfaction from the fact that the fire had been started by the excessive fuelling of the Parliament's heating system with wooden tablets used to record tax liabilities, is not known. But Turner did capture the occasion, on two canvases which are displayed together for the first time, outside of America, since they left Turner's studio. Each is worth seeing alone, together they are absolutely stunning. In their blending of urgency and spectacle, they are unsurpassed in the collection, and contain the essence of Turner's technical mastery. God and Nietzsche may be dead, but we can still enjoy Romanticism.

Garth Crawford



CANBERRA WORKERS' CLUB

Childers Street, Canberra City • Telephone 248 0399 • Membership only \$2

Giant Meat Raffle

- Every Wednesday and Friday night at 6:30 p.m.
- 6 numbers for \$1
- Buy \$5 worth and receive a bonus ticket in the huge final draw

Lucky badge draw

- 6:30pm-7:30pm every Wednesday
- Jackpots \$200/week to \$4,000 when it must go off
- 5 numbers drawn each week
- If there is no winner the nearest number wins a \$20 bar voucher

Happy Hour

- Monday to Friday, 4:30 pm-6pm
- Schooners \$1.60
- Middies \$1.10
- Basic spirits \$2

Sports Bar

- Come and enjoy a game of pool on one of our four new tables
- Juke box with extra speakers
- Play darts
- Taste the 7 beers on tap
- Schooner School in the Sports Bar every Thursday and Saturday night between 9 and 10pm — schooners \$1.40 and basic spirits \$1.80

Hairdresser

- Best value in town
- Tuesday to Friday from 2pm

EPTPOS Facilities

- TAB Monday to Saturday with *Sky Channel* broadcasting races live

Bistro Specials

(Monday-Thursday 12-2:30pm and 5:30-8:30pm; Friday-Saturday 12-2:30pm and 5:30-9pm)

- Monday (lunch only) — \$5 steak; \$5 seafood basket
- Tuesday (lunch only) — \$5 steak; \$5 seafood basket
- Wednesday (lunch and dinner) — \$5 roast
- Thursday — \$5 pasta and glass of wine (lunch); \$5 steak (dinner)

Club Opening Times

- Monday and Tuesday 11am-11pm
- Wednesday 11am-12:30am
- Thursday 11am-2am
- Friday 11am-12:30am
- Saturday 11am-2am
- Closed on Sunday



Behind the Face

ALL THE NEWS THAT'S PRINT TO FIT



Oxford in deal with the ANU

THE Australian National University will sign a research and teaching agreement with Britain's prestigious Oxford University today.

The agreement covers staff and student exchange programs, and research and teaching collaborations.

It will be signed in Oxford by ANU Vice-Chancellor Deane Terrell and her Oxford counterpart Peter North.

It will provide a framework within which the two universities can build specific programs.

"Of particular importance for ANU staff and students will be access to Oxford's sources in medieval history and literature, the unique holdings of the Bodleian Library, and research and teaching opportunities in the biological sciences, a major strength of Oxford," Professor Terrell said in a statement.

She said the agreement would be reviewed in two years.

Shock Revelations! Vice Chancellor is a woman!

Sources in Oxford discovered this incredible fact whilst dealing with the highly respected ANU Vice Chancellor in an exchange program. Apparently, Mr/Mrs Terrell has managed to keep his/her guilty secret since his/her initial arrival at the ANU. When questioned by Woroni's investigative reporter about how this secret was hidden for so long, Mr/Mrs Terrell declined to offer any comment other than "Try Oil of Ulan, dearie."

Hecklers Unite! You have nothing to lose but your dignity

As you may or may not already know, the Intersarsity Games for 1996 are to be held in Canberra. While the majority of us are not excellent sports people and thus not able to compete in the Games for the glory of the ANU, there is one way (besides joining in the extensive partying) in which the whole student body can contribute to the carnival - that is by HECKLING!

We here at Woroni are attempting to organise a formal heckling competition between the attending Universities such that the winners are awarded legitimate medals toward the outcome of the Games. Even if our attempts at legitimisation are unsuccessful, we intend to fully endorse a heckling team from the ANU that will be present at as many sporting events as they can drag themselves out of bed to attend. At this stage the exact make-up of the team is undecided, so you are all still in with a chance of representing your university in this prestigious event. If you think you have a sharp sense of sarcasm, can be hilariously humorous or just downright punishingly abusive, please turn up at any university or college sporting event and heckle away. Our scouts will be watching! Selection criterion include creativity, volume, effect on the hecklee and use of traditional rude chants.

A study by The Heckler's Institute has demonstrated that heckling can lower your stress and cholesterol level, progress your fashion sense by 10 years, increase your IQ by up to 8 points and even make you more attractive to the opposite sex. Despite the boundless positive effects of heckling, the Institute does make one recommendation, however - that capicum spray be carried at all times to ward off the hot-headed or easily offended. So, if you like embarrassing your friends and enemies alike, want to become an object of the opposing team's supporter's hatred, get ejected from the sidelines by the referee and have a great time doing so, heckle until you can heckle no more! Hecklers unite!

Renaissance Man.

This edition, we bring you, live and exclusive from the very lowest depths of our imaginations, a selection of alternatives for those millions of easter eggs delivered to you by the Easter Bunny! No longer will the sanctity of your home be overrun by this aberration of Nature — they can be put to good use as:

- love balls with a difference. Those wonderfully kinky objects which, when inserted into the appropriate orifice, bring great pleasure. Now new edible love balls!
- pad out that Wonder Bra! Easter egg halves can be placed in the bra, where they provide support and nourishment.
- Create instant heirlooms — why spend a million dollars on a Faberge egg when you can create your own masterpiece with a large egg, some glue, scissors and leftover Christmas decorations.
- Satisfy the otherwise barren maternal prospects for your chocolate chicken — provide the gift of the patter of tiny feet.
- Use them to bribe people into spending their Easter holiday proofreading Woroni.
- Draw little eyes on it and tell it your deepest secrets.
- Hide it in the garden for next year.
- See if anything hatches from it.
- Eat it really fast and see if that makes any difference.
- Give it to someone - better late than never.

caption competition

Tell us what you think the last words said in this picturesque scene were, and the most imaginative reply will win two free tickets to the Uni Bar concert of their choice



dead pet of the week

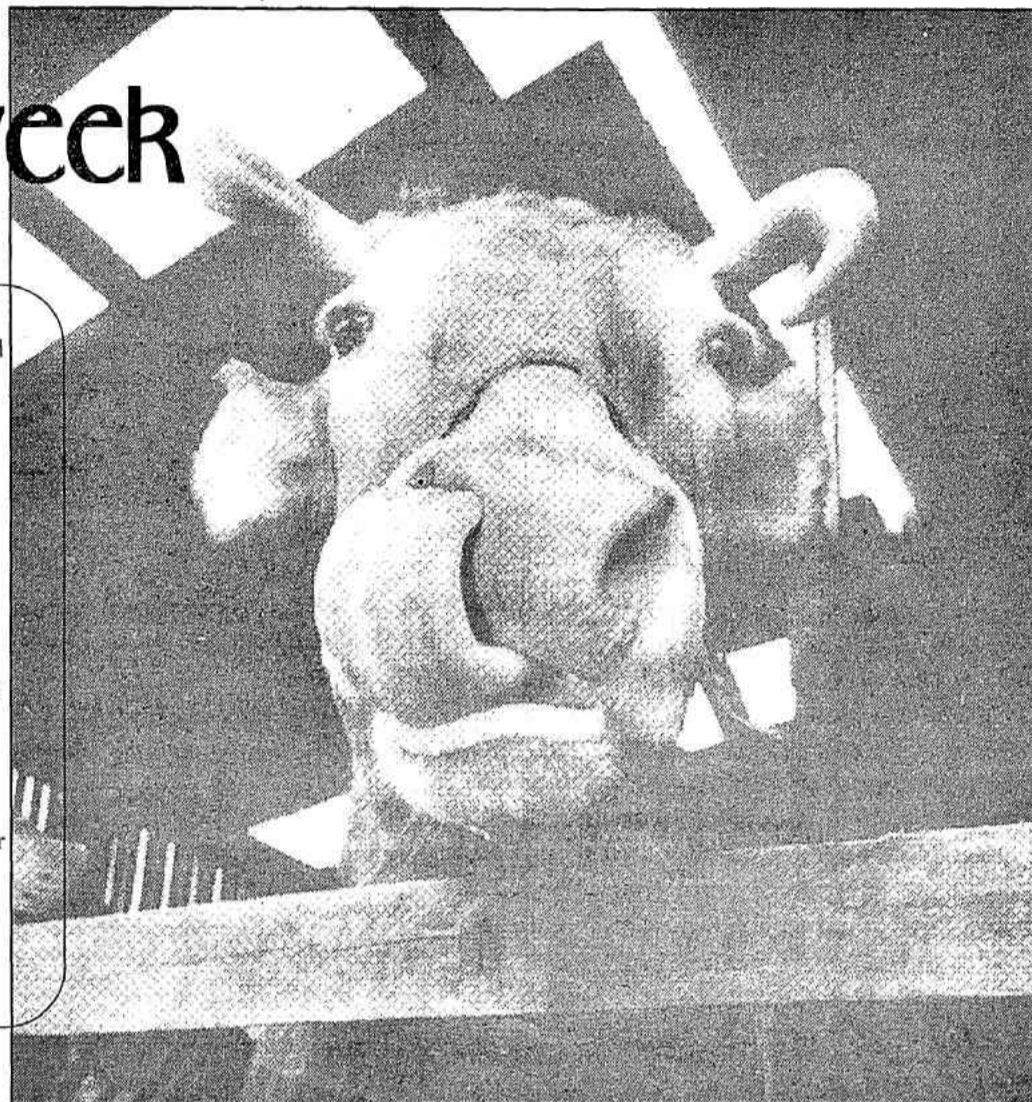
Winston was a wonderful companion. Like many bovine beefcakes of his generation Winston combined the sharing ethos of the new aged cow with the rough outdoor philosophy of his primeval predecessors. Small children enjoyed his company.

Before he died Winston lived in the Southern Highlands. Winston died in peculiar circumstances. For many months leading up to his death he had suffered from an inflamed olfactory epidermis. Leading veterinary authorities were at a loss to explain this rare condition.

The mystery was solved when Winston was caught picking his nose. Obsessive nose picking was making his nostrils sore. Urgent counter measures were introduced, Winston's tongue was tied. However it was too late. In the process of a particularly vigorous pick Winston had eaten mad cow disease.

He spent his last days in a tu-tu, believing he was Gertrude from the magic roundabout.

Do you have a favoured animal and companion who has recently departed for the Hereafter? We'd love to hear about it — not because we're sick depraved individuals who have nothing better to do, but because we care. The Dead Pet of the Week will win two free tickets to the concert of their choice at the Uni Bar. Don't be shy, give your pet the fame and attention it always craved.



Terminal Stupidity



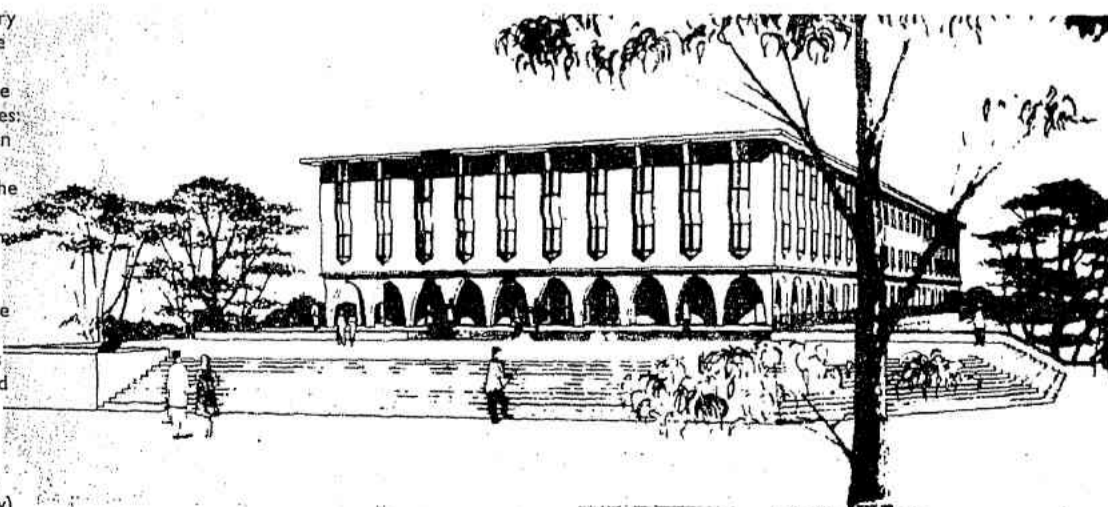
This month's terminal stupidity award goes to the Channel Ten sports department. Let's see, what have these guys done - they've managed to snag NONE of the major sporting events in this country and have filled the gap created in their programming with the scintillating excitement of "Iron Man", infomercials, and "Sports Tonight" thrice daily! Not satisfied with their level of incompetence, Ten then hired the most impressive trio of pretty-boy losers ever assembled to commentate for them - I mean Tim Webster, Matthew McKeown and Bill Woods? Give me a break! These guys should stick to their Chardonnay and their hobby farms, and stop pretending they have any idea of what sport is about. And to top it all off, the one legitimate sport Ten have snagged, the basketball, they embarrass by underexposing (the NBA) and overexposing (the Australian NBL) at the same time. I can just see the next self-promoting advertisement from the Ten sporting department - "Join TEN for more exciting sports action when we bring you the blind girls under-14 hockey championships from Jerilderie..." Ten sports is a crock and an excellent case of terminal stupidity.

Renaissance Man

old and decrepit ... 1962

Space for twice as many books, nearly four times as many students
OUR NEW LIBRARY - IT'S REAL

Though the new A.N.U. Library (at right) will probably be the finest at any rural Australian University, examination of the plans reveals several anomalies: First, men's toilets situated on second floor seem to ignore the plight of the student in the basement or lower ground floor. The staff common room features a dishwasher and showers and refrigerator. Cocktail cabinet optional. The students' approaches are by means of steps, which means that students in the advanced stages of pregnancy will be prevented from using the library.
 (PAGE TWO: How to sneak books out of our new library)



Completion scheduled for June next year

Has anybody noticed the strange phenomenon of tar dribbles all over the roads of our otherwise peaceful and totally explainable city? Theories abound as to the origin and purpose of these mysterious droolings. Residents of O'Connor have speculated that road workers have been experimenting with a new expressionistic form of road creation. This form of calligraphy is called directionism whereby more and more of each subsequent piece is revealed to the driver as their journey progresses. It has direct links to the Abstract Expressionist / Zen garden raking crossover of the late sixties. Be glad for such a link between the long standing Canberra motoring tradition and spontaneous expression.

Nef
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Colouring Competition



to win a sensational free case of Jolt Cola — the drink of all night champions, just let your creative juices flow and give this lovable character some colour in his otherwise dull and uneventful life

name _____

student i.d _____

phone _____

last edition's winner was Rory McKenzie-drop into the woroni office to collect your reward, courtesy of John and all the legends at Acton Supermarket